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The pleasures of piety, and other poems.



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Miss Shadoc

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Miss Shadoc

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The Pleasures of Piety.

" Cio, ch'io vedeva, mi sembrava un riso
Dell 'Universo.
O gioia ! O ineffabile allegrezza !
O vita intera d'amore, e di pace !
O sanza brama sicura ricchezza ! "

*La Divina Commedia di Dante,
Del Paradiso, Canto xxvii.*



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Pleasures of Piety.

ANALYSIS.

The Poem opens with an allusion to the three exquisite Poems on the Pleasures of Memory, of Hope, and of the Imagination; Invocation of the Muse from Zion's Hill; the Pleasures of Piety contrasted with those of Hope, of Memory, and of the Imagination.

The Pleasures of Piety commenced in the Garden of Eden. This leads to an allusion to the creation of the world, the choice of Eden as the abode of man, and the happiness of Adam and Eve in their primitive state; and also to their fall, and the provisions made for the restoration of the race of man in the redemption of Christ.

The Pleasures of Christian Piety begin with repentance; they largely accompany the exercise of faith; description of the home, the pursuits, and the pleasures of a pious peasant.

The Pleasures which spring from Obedience, illustrated in the baptism of a young convert; the mournful Pleasures which attend the observance of the Lord's Supper; the Pleasures of Social Worship; description of a Prayer Meeting, which suggests an allusion to a departed Christian friend.

The Pleasures which are found in the Labours of Piety, illustrated in the case of the pious mother; allusion to the mother of Doddridge; the faithful Pastor; Piety enlarges the heart, and urges to an increased energy in the labours of Philanthropy; John Howard; the Missionary; allusion to Judson.

The Pleasures of Piety.

PART I.

While some to Helicon's fair summit soar,
Imagination's Pleasures to explore;
While others, in the charms of classic verse,
The pleasant dreams of Memory rehearse,
Or paint Hope's magic visions that arise
Like stars to gild life's darkly-lowering skies:—
In humbler strains of Piety I sing,
And to her shrine my earliest tribute bring.

Oh Muse, who, erst from Zion's holy hill
Wast wont, like dew, thine influence to distill;
To whose chaste ministry alone 'twas given

To illum the soul of man with light from heaven,
From whom the prophets caught their holy fire—
By whom instructed David touched the lyre—
From whose pure urn Isaiah drew the flame
That round his view in splendid visions came,
Attuned his harp to an immortal strain,
And sung the glories of Messiah's reign:—
From thy pure heights, like Hermon's dew descend,
And to the Bard thy genial influence lend—
His heart detach from aught beneath the throne,
And rivet to the truth of God alone.
Impress his lips with a celestial fire,
His heart affect, his humble lay inspire!

Thy charms, blest Piety, not often sung,
Call for the softness of an angel's tongue;

The dialect of earth can ne'er portray
The joys that strew thy heaven-aspiring way.
While Memory recalls the smiles and tears,
The joys and sorrows of departed years;
While pleasures, short-lived as the meteor's beams,
Are flitting through Imagination's dreams ;
While Hope, high-poised on her delusive wings,
A bright enchantment round the future flings—
Calm contemplation in thy bosom reigns,
And points the way to Truth's ethereal plains.
With thee dwell charity, and peace of mind,
By heavenly converse strengthened and refined ;
Thine is a rest from passion, pride and strife,
A calm, unruffled by the surging waves of life.

Thy sacred pleasures, Piety, began

In the primeval innocence of man.

From other scenes, Oh Muse, thy thoughts recall,
And briefly sing of joys before the Fall.

Before the everlasting hills were reared,
Or heaven's high battlements sublime appeared,
When darkness gloomy sat on boundless space,
The Lord Jehovah reigned. His dwelling-place
Was all immensity. Beamed in his face
The glories of unspotted holiness;
His hand the sceptre universal swayed,
And round his throne eternal splendours played.
At His command unnumbered worlds came forth,
Peopling the East and West, and South and North.
The sun, bright regent, 'neath his Maker's sway,
In blazing grandeur took the throne of day:

His rays the sable power of night controlled,
And lit the lesser orbs that round him rolled.
The morning stars with songs made melody,
And all the sons of God cried out for joy.
Eternity entranced their music heard,
And echoed far the praises of the Lord.

Near to the throne there was a spot of fame,
For bliss, ere yet the cursed serpent came ;
A garden fair, a place of God beloved,
In which celestial spirits often moved,
Inhaled ambrosial odours from the grove,
And lingering long discoursed on heavenly love.
A crystal stream of living waters wound
Its way through Eden's consecrated ground :
From its green banks umbrageous trees arose,

Bearing perennial fruits, and from whose boughs
The feathered minstrels of the grove carolled
Their lays of joy—displaying plumes of gold;
While breezes procreant with their dulcet strains
Conveyed soft music o'er the ethereal plains.
No sickly fens, nor noxious winds were there,
Diffusing breath of poison through the air.
Dim twilight ne'er prevailed, there was no night,
A sun celestial gave the garden light:
That sun, whose rays in ceaseless splendour sent,
Illumed and bless'd the wide-spread firmament—
Dispelled the mists that rose from earth, and poured
On all around the glory of the Lord.

Amidst those scenes of bliss, surpassing fair,
There dwelt in innocence a blessed pair,

In mind or form adorned with every grace,
The germ—the primal parents of our race.
Strangers to sin and all the forms of woe,
None of the griefs they knew which we now knew;
Disease ne'er smote them with its withering breath,
Nor were they haunted with the fears of death.

Untutored in the ways by man since trod,
Adam and Eve in Eden walked with God:
In the large benefits which crowned them there,
They saw the tokens of his constant care.
To Him, their life, their joys, their all, they owed,
To Him, their hearts in love responsive flowed;
Their meditations clustered round His throne,
And all their bliss was found in God alone.
Roaming through Eden's consecrated bowers,

In sweet discourse, they whiled away the hours;
Discourse of virtue, God, and heavenly love,
Like that of angels in the courts above.
And oft with mingled voices, soft and strong,
Their love and joy break forth in grateful song;
High in the praise of God, their notes they raise,
And fill the groves with their melodious lays.

Oh! blessed state of innocence and peace !
Destined, alas ! too soon, through sin, to cease ;
On all thy loveliness, in fury fell,
The Devil's malice, and the rage of Hell.
The pious pleasures, which in thee began,
Were crushed and ruined in the fall of man.
The rebels from the seats of bliss were hurled,
And sin and death assumed the empire of the world.

But, 'midst the scenes of sin, and death, and woe,
Which mark our journey through the world below,
Thy pleasures, heaven-born Piety, abound;
In thee, a solace for our griefs is found—
Amidst the storms that rock the world, thine eye
Looks calmly to a home beyond the sky.
And these new hopes we owe to sovereign grace—
In love and pity to our ruined race,
The great Redeemer left his native throne,
To earth, rebellious, fallen, lost, came down;
Obeyed for us, and suffered in our stead,
Was crucified, and laid amongst the dead,
Came forth a victor from the vanquished grave,
Proving his power to justify and save—
Then sent the messengers of grace abroad,
And rose in splendid triumph to the throne of God.

The pleasures of true Piety begin
When with a godly grief, we mourn for sin ;
All merit in the sight of God disclaim,
And plead for mercy in the Saviour's name.
Burdened with guilt, the sinner prostrate lies
Before the mercy-seat; repentant sighs
Break from his heart, as all his guilt appears,
And sorrow gushes forth in streaming tears.
Sweet are those sighs; those tears, though sad, are
sweet¹

As Mary's were, which bathed the Saviour's feet:
More pleasure to the soul repentance brings
Than all the wealth and dignity of kings.

When by the power of faith, we grasp the cross,
And for the love of Christ count all things loss;

Trembling, the comfort of his promise take,
And hope for peace and pardon for his sake,
What bless'd emotions in our bosoms swell!
With what strange wonder on his love we dwell!
Undreamed-of glories break upon our view,
Old things are passed away, and all is new;
New graces deck the Saviour's form divine,
New charms and beauties in the Gospel shine,
New scenes spring up, above, beneath, around,
And e'en on earth we tread on heavenly ground.

Faith opens to our view the land afar,
Where God, and Christ, and saints, and angels are;
And through the misty vale that intervenes,
Allures us on to those inviting scenes.
Faith drives away the clouds of doubt and gloom,

And throws a hopeful halo o'er the tomb:
Faith vanquishes hell's hostile powers; in grief
Turns to the source of comfort and relief;—
Mighty, through God, to nerve, protect, defend,
It guides, and guards, and cheers us to the end—
Proclaims its triumph with our latest breath,
And makes us victors in the strife with death.

In yonder copse, secluded from mankind,
To heaven's appointments, patiently resigned,
A stranger to inconstant Fortune's spells,
The pious peasant of the valley dwells.
His home, a cottage neat, embowered in green,
Commands the soft enchantments of the scene.
A limpid lake sleeps near, fed by a rill
That pours its murmurs from a neighbouring hill.

In distance dim, gigantic mountains rise,
And lose their verdant summits in the skies;
While fragrance fresh, such as Arcadia yields,
In every zephyr breathes along the fields.

The swain, unoccupied with common cares,
Calmly descends the deepening vale of years.

The dear companion of his lonely hours
Bestrews his path with love's unfading flowers,
While a young circle, innocent and fair,
Reflect the virtues of the honest pair.

No hopes of glory agitate his breast,
No thoughts of wealth disturb his hours of rest.
The day in meditative toil he spends,
And when the sable reign of night descends,
Revives his frame, till morning's earliest beams,
In placid slumbers, and in pleasing dreams.

When Lucifer's bright rays the East adorn,
Precursive of the rosy-footed morn,
The shepherd, with his dog and crook, and shell,
Drives forth his flock to browse upon the dell;
And oft awakes, with love-enkindling strains,
The plaintive sighs of mountains, groves and plains,
On earth beneath, and in the spheres above,
He sees the works of wisdom, power, and love;
Surveys with holy gratitude the plan
Devised by grace to rescue fallen man—
And as his lowing flocks he patient leads
Beside cool waters and in verdant meads,
Bethinks him of that Shepherd's care who gave
His precious life the wandering sheep to save;
And, in faith's raptured eye, before him rise
The living streams and pastures of the skies.

While such bless'd themes his grateful thoughts
employ,

His heart swells with an unknown wealth of joy.

Such, shepherds, was your joy when angels came,²
The first notes of the Gospel to proclaim.

In shining bands, they hovered over earth,

And told the story of Messiah's birth;

While harping hallelujahs, long and loud,

Echoed to heaven from that resplendent cloud,

The mystic star arose, and led your way

To the lone manger where the blessed Infant lay.

The laws and precepts in God's word are given,
Which mark the way of life, and lead to heaven,
And while our varied duties they display,

'Tis ours, with cheerful ardor, to obey.
This is our life; thus shall obedience be
At once the joy and proof of Piety.
Each child of grace, from blest experience knows
What Christian pleasure from obedience flows.
Such pleasure David in obedience saw,
When he exclaimed, "Oh! how I love thy law!"

Thus, when an earthly father's lips impart
Instruction to the offspring of his heart,
With care the seed of Piety he sows,
And warm affection in his language glows.
The fondly-loved, with heart-felt reverence, hears
A father's voice, and all his words reveres;
While kindling smiles his tender thoughts disclose,
From his young heart love in a larger current flows.

Lo! in obedience to his Lord's commands,
Beside the stream the youthful convert stands,—
A wanderer late in dark and dangerous ways,
But now a trophy of victorious grace—
In all the beauty and the bloom of youth,
Ashamed of sin, but glorying in the truth,
With meek humility, he comes to claim,
Before a scoffing world, the Saviour's name.
To God, the voice of prayer and praise ascends;
The multitude a calm attention lends,
A deep solemnity sits on each mien,
And heaven comes down, and smiles upon the
scene.
Hushed are the strains—with solemn step and slow,
Down, down into the sacred stream they go,
To heaven the pastor turns his earnest sight,

And speaks the words of the baptismal rite;
Then gently lays the subject 'neath the wave;
The waters close, symbolic of the grave;
But as the dead shall rise at Gabriel's call,
The new-baptized comes from his burial—
He comes in purity, by Jesus' blood,
His sins all washed, as by a cleansing flood.
He comes in peace, which God alone inspires;
He comes inflamed with love's seraphic fires;
He comes in joy, whose sweeping currents roll
In overflowing sweetness through the soul,
And from his memory ne'er shall pass away
The blessedness of his baptismal day.

Eunuch of old, such blessedness was thine,³
Honouring thy Saviour in the rite divine,

When rising thus, in emblem, from the dead,
A holy influence from the throne was shed—
Unearthly peace, infused, reigned in thy breast;
God smiled, conscience approved, and thou wast blest.
Thus didst thou taste of heavenly bliss below,
And with rejoicing on thy homeward journey go.

Obedient to the Saviour's last command,
Oft round his table meet the Christian band;
And there in melting tenderness they wait,
The death of their blest Lord to celebrate.
What scenes of grief and love before them rise,
What penitential streams gush from their eyes,
While lingering near the cross, they lowly bend,
And view the sufferings of their heavenly friend.
The bread sets forth his body broke for sin;

His blood poured out is shadowed by the wine;
By faith, the sacred mystery they learn,
And thus the body of the Lord discern:
Back to that mournful night their memory goes,
When he was seized, betrayed to treacherous foes,
Forsaken by his friends, by sinners tried,
Condemned, and sentenced to be crucified ;
And on that day they sadly muse, when he
Hung bleeding, dying; on the cursed tree—
When Justice round his head in thunder broke,
And buried in his heart its vengeful stroke.
And while his pierced hands, and smitten side,
Sent forth, in generous wealth, redemption's tide,
A voice, that rocked the world, and shook the sun,
Proclaimed aloud that Love's triumphant work was
done.

While all these scenes rush back upon their view,
The sweet memorials of his love renew
Their faith, their hope, their love, their joy, their
zeal;
A mournful pleasure round the feast they feel—
Their own base sins and follies they deplore,
But joy in Him who lives forevermore;
And on anticipation's wings they rise
To the sublime communion of the skies.
Oh! earth, thy hoarded wealth can ne'er afford
Such rich delights as crown the Saviour's board!

'Tis eve—daylight has faded from the eye,
The moon and stars are shining in the sky;
The active tribes of earth their labours close,
And wearied Nature sinks into repose.

The solemn shades, the calm that reigns abroad,
Invite to thoughts of holiness and God.

The bell, in tones inviting, loud and clear,
Pours forth its summons to the house of prayer.

They come, the social band, in converse sweet,
Each other and their gracious Lord to meet;
The anxious cares of earth depart the while,
Nor empty dreams of good the hours beguile.

A crown of joy for each the Master wreaths,
And on them all his holy influence breathes.

In sweetest harmony their voices blend,
As one, their mingled prayers and praise ascend—
The charms of earth evanish from their view,
They feast on pleasures heart-felt, rich and true;—
Each contrite breast the Holy Ghost inspires
With high affections, and with pure desires,

And all their hearts in sweet communion flow
With Christ above, and with his saints below.

A king, who, 'midst the splendours of the throne,⁴
The pleasures of true Piety had known,
Preferred a menial's place, God's house within,
To all the gorgeous palaces of sin.

Nor let the lay of the discursive Muse
A passing tribute to a friend refuse;
Whose mouldering form now sleeps beneath the sod,
Whose disembodied spirit rests with God.
In humble life, with humble gifts endowed,
Prized by but few, neglected by the crowd,
Thy even course of Piety was run,
And brightly closed, as it in light begun.

Thou lov'dst the house of God ; there in his sight,
To meet his saints was thy extreme delight.
Bending beneath the weight of numerous years,
E'en now thy venerable form appears,
As faint and slow thy tottering footsteps trod
The way that led thee to the house of God.
Others might weary at her courts to wait,
Thy heart was set to Zion's beauteous gate—
And at all times and seasons thou wast there,
We never missed thee from the house of prayer.
And when disease assailed thy feeble frame,
And death's loud summons to thy spirit came—
When we beheld thee, stricken, sinking, weak,
And thou, through feebleness, could'st scarcely
speak,
When thy worn body was convulsed with pain,

And when the burning fever racked thy brain—
Thy fondest thoughts to Zion still were turned,
Her love unquenched within thy bosom burned—
Thy waking thoughts, and dreamy musings dwelt
On joys which in her precincts thou hadst felt.
Thus round her courts thy lingering spirit staid,
And for her peace thy latest prayer was made.

Mother in Israel, thy work is done !
We saw, without a cloud, thy setting sun—
And now with purer light its rays expand
Amidst the glories of the heavenly land.

The works of Piety are doubly blest,
'Midst outward toils they yield an inward rest.
In all our aims to glorify the Lord,

We find true pleasure, and a rich reward.

See yonder mother clasping in her arms

Her infant boy, decked with a thousand charms:

When first the lovely stranger nestled there,

She gave him back to God by faith and prayer;

And while she views, with pride and pleasure
joined,

His growth in form—the progress of his mind—

With deeper care and with a warmer zeal,

She daily thinks of his eternal weal—

Plants in the tender soil of his young heart

The seeds of truth, whose germ shall ne'er depart:—

But gathering strength, and growing with his growth,

Shall yet the fruits of righteousness bring forth.

In these sweet toils, which oft her time employ,

She finds her duty and her highest joy.

So have we seen the parent bird, imbued
With fond affection, hovering o'er her brood.
The eager cries from the parental nest
With deep solicitude inspire her breast.
The product of her anxious search she brings
With fluttering haste, and swiftly-waving wings ;
And to each tiny mouth its portion yields
Of stores nutritious, gleaned from distant fields.

Mother of Doddridge, now methinks I see⁵
Thy bright-eyed boy reclining on thy knee—
With childhood's eager look, and witching smiles,
Scanning the old Dutch hearth, whose pictured
tiles
Historic scenes of Scripture life portray
In homely forms, and grouped in dense array.

Though early of a mother's care bereft,
That mother's image on his heart was left.
The truth repeated with maternal care
Ne'er faded from his mind—God heard the prayer
For him so often breathed, and answer gave
Long after thou wast carried to the grave.
The rich instruction from thy lips he drew
In after years to precious harvests grew—
Impressed his heart, inspired his lordly mind,
And made his life a blessing to mankind.

The faithful pastor, 'midst his weighty cares,
In pleasures pure and holy largely shares.
The grace of Christ which he to others tells,
In his own soul with richest comfort dwells.
And when the guilty heart with grief is stirred,

And the deep sigh of penitence is heard—
When weeping and rejoicing converts haste,
In duty's path, the Christian's joys to taste—
When the pure fruits of godliness increase,
And all is union, charity and peace—
His heart, with deep humility imbued,
Expands with love, and joy, and gratitude.

In these refreshing scenes at last appears
The fruit of his long labours, prayers and tears—
He gives to God the praise for these blest spoils,
And with new vigor urges on his toils.

True Piety delights in toil,—expands
The heart, and finds new labor for the hands.
Its homage first to God is given, and then
Its active efforts to the good of men.

It scans the circuit wide of human woes,
And meekly on its angel errand goes.

Howard, such Piety inspired thy breast⁶
With genuine sympathy for the distressed,
Its standard o'er thy lustrous course unfurled,
And sent thee forth to bless a suffering world.
Thine eye, with yearning in its glance, surveyed
The wide-spread havoc misery had made;
Thy pity compassed in its large embrace
The tears and sorrows of the human race;
Thy mercy on no trifling mission went,
Its only bound Humanity's extent!
Nought checked thee in thy course, thy journey lay
Through regions hidden from the light of day.
In scenes where vice had thrown her darkest spells

In dreary dungeons, and infected cells,
Where squalid crime its dismal orgies kept,
Or poverty, in chains, forever wept—
Thy form is seen, warm tears bedim thine eye,
Thy pity heaves the sympathizing sigh—
Thy heart bleeds o'er the children of distress,
And all thy nature gushes forth to bless. •

Illustrious friend of man ! to man endeared,
Thy deeds the noblest monument have reared ;
That monument more beauteous to behold
Than brazen cenotaph or shrine of gold,
And more enduring—round whose base entwined,
Cluster the sweet affections of mankind.
When the great names of conquerors and kings
Have sunk to night, with earth's forgotten things—

When the proud pile that wealth or glory rears
Has mouldered in the grave of long-past years—
Thy memory still shall bloom in verdant hues,
Crowned with warm sunshine, and with genial
dews;
And down to latest years thy name shall be
First in the records of Philanthropy !

Lo, prompted by the love of Christ and souls,
(That mighty impulse which his life controls,) The Missionary leaves his native shore,
His friends, and kindred, to return no more.
Launching upon the bosom of the waves,
The perils of the stormy deep he braves,
And courts the breeze that bears him far away
To regions where idolatry holds sway.

There, 'midst the rigours of the frozen hills,
Or where the Southern sun his heat distils,
While nature revels in her foulest stains,
And moral night in densest horror reigns,—
His battle-field the Christian warrior sees,
And spreads his banners wide to every breeze.
And though in that far land he toil and roam,
Cut off from all the charms of Christian home—
And though his bosom oft with sorrow swell
O'er evils which he has no power to quell—
In self-denying labors, such as these,
He finds an inward calm, a reigning peace,
More precious than the gift of friends, or health,—
More precious than the glory and the wealth
Of her who, crowned with fortune's favoring smiles,
Sways her proud sceptre o'er the British Isles.

Judson, we think of thee, dear friend of man !
Beloved of God ! 'Twas thine to lead the van,
In early life, of that divine crusade
Which 'gainst idolatry our land has made.
In all thy sacrifices, labours, pains,
Almighty grace thy trusting heart sustains.
What chastened pleasure fills thy longing soul,
When the first Burman bows to Christ's control !
And though by those thou camest to guide to rest
Imprisoned, injured, bound in chains, oppressed,
The peace of God in thy calm bosom dwells.
In Ava's towers, or 'midst Oung-Pen-La's horrid
cells.

Thy work is done, and thou art gone to meet
Thy Burman converts at the Saviour's feet.

Through time the fragrance of thy memory
Fresh as the earliest flowers of Spring shall be.
And though in depths unknown thy body sleeps,⁷
Where no carved stone its mournful vigil keeps,—
Sweet is thy sleep—thy waking, oh how sweet,
When Gabriel's piercing call thine ear shall greet,
(Heard by the dead, 'neath every sod or wave,)
And thou shalt rise immortal from thine Ocean-
grave!

The Pleasures of Piety.

PART II.

Hail, Piety, blest theme! to thee belong
The noblest flights of eloquence and song.
The varied wealth of thy exhaustless stores,
The human mind from age to age explores.
But, oh, how vain our laboured aims to reach,
A theme transcending human thought or speech!
Here genius, fancy, learning, glowing zeal,
Exhaust their powers—nor half thy worth reveal;
And who, in prose or verse, descants on thee,
But skims the margin of a boundless sea.
Upon that sea I steer my little sail,

Scarce loosed from shore—oh, might some gracious
gale

Inspire, and bear me onward to survey
The goodly prospect, stretching far away !

'Tis sweet, in evening's soft and silent hour,
Amidst the calm of shaded walk or bower,
When earthly sounds have died upon the ear,
And Nature's works a mellowed livery wear,

'Tis sweet to meditate, in such an hour,
The works of God—his wisdom, love, and power.
The heavens declare his glory, and each star
Bespeaks his wonders, twinkling from afar.
The sun and moon, alternate regents, sway
The skies,—the one by night, the one by day.
Ten thousand worlds, apparent to the eye,

In glorious concert, move along the sky;
Beyond, ten thousand times ten thousand more,
Which only disembodied minds explore,
Shine in their spheres, and mingled pæans roll
To him who in one empire binds the whole.

On earth, in softer lineaments, we trace
The foot-prints of benevolence and grace.
The works of Nature, all around, declare
The high control, the providential care,
The fixed design, the wisdom deep and broad,
Which illustrate the government of God.
But chiefly love, that attribute divine,
Doth in his dealings with his creatures shine.
Love made us in his image—stamped our mien
With God-like grace, with innocence serene;

And kindled in our souls the holy fire
Of sweet affection, and of pure desire.
And when, through sin, we lost our first abode,
Love still pursued us in our downward road,
Fixed in this beauteous world, our present home,
And wooed us back to taste of joys to come.
Here, in Probation's favored vale, we stand—
Rich streams of mercy flow on every hand.
Each day exalts God's bounties to the skies,
Each night, in strains responsive, loud replies;
While Nature's vast and various works conspire
To swell the chorus of the general choir.
The cattle, lowing, on a thousand hills,
The valleys, watered by a thousand rills,
The towering mountains, and the waving woods,
The wide-spread prairies, and the sounding floods,

All shout aloud to God, with mingled voice
Declare His praise, and in His name rejoice.

But chiefly in Redemption, Lord, we see
The work of love, and our vast debt to thee.
What strange compassion moved thine only Son
To bear the weight of wrongs which we had done!
What high amazement thrilled through heaven that
day,
When Deity arrayed himself in clay,—
The long-predicted work of grace began,
And gave himself to mercy and to man!
Through varied scenes of poverty and tears,
What wondrous love in all his life appears!
God's glory and the good of man we trace
In all his mighty works and words of grace.

But oh! what grief intense, what love divine,
In the last drama of his life combine!
What strange and deeper wonder fills the skies,
When Jesus makes the crowning sacrifice!
High on the cross the guileless sufferer hangs,
His soul convulsed with more than mortal pangs,—
All agony without, all grief within,
He gives himself a sacrifice for sin.
In solitary woe he bleeds and groans,
And by his death, for human guilt atones—
With his last breath proclaims the prisoners free,
And nails our bondage to the cursed tree.

Oh, love transcending human thought! my theme,
My boast, my wonder, and my joy supreme—
All earthly love, o'ermatched, surpassed, retires,

And sinks to shade before thy brilliant fires.
Here fix the deep affections of my soul :
Let all my being tend to this blest goal.
Repentant, lowly, at thy feet I fall,
And claim thee, Saviour, as my all in all,—
Till life's cold and tempestuous ocean crossed,
In thy pure love I am forever lost !
Such sweet reflections fill that heart alone,
Which grace controls, where Christ has built his
throne.

To meditate upon the works of God,
At eve the son of Abraham walked abroad,⁸
His heart attuned to Nature's various frame ;
When lo ! a train from Padan Aram came,—
His father's trusted servant, by whose side,

In peerless beauty, rode his destined bride.
And when Rebekah, from the servant, learned
That Isaac was the stranger she discerned,
With maiden grace she drew her robes around,
And from the camel lighted on the ground;
Advanced with trembling hopes and soft alarms,
And with the veil concealed her blushing charms—
While Isaac tenderly bespoke the fair,
Who left her father's house his home to share:
With joy received his heaven-appointed spouse
To the dear bondage of connubial vows;
And welcomed to his bosom's faithful shrine
The Pride and Beauty of old Nahor's honored line.

In meek communion with the Lord, we find
The highest, holiest pleasure of the mind,

E'en converse with the friends we love, destroys
One-half our griefs, and heightens all our joys—
Their hearts with sympathetic kindness glow,
And share a portion in our bliss or woe.

But higher far, the pleasure known to those
Who all their joys and griefs to God disclose—
Who often to the Throne of Grace repair,
And seek divine support in daily prayer,—
And who, when beams of gladness crown their
days,
Speak forth their joy in songs of grateful praise.

And will the Great Jehovah condescend
A listening ear to human cries to lend?
And will He deign, in pity and in grace,
To hold communion with our fallen race?
And shall a sinner, lost and ruined, dare

To speak to God in words of praise and prayer?
'Tis even so. From His own word we learn,
His bowels with a father's pity yearn.
Large promises abound on every page,
Our fears to quell, our sorrows to assuage.
He calls us to forsake our dangerous ways,
And Heaven rejoices when the sinner prays.

This holy intercourse with God prepares
Us for the burden of life's common cares—
Becalms our troubled hearts, our wills subdues,
Dispels our gloom, our fainting strength renewes,
Imparts new vigor to our faith, and opes
Fresh fields of glory to our christian hopes,
A stream of light around our pathway pours,
While joy triumphant sings, and love adores.

In sunny days, and prosperous times, 'tis sweet
To talk with God before the mercy-seat—
When borne on favouring fortune's highest tide,
To cling more closely to the Saviour's side.
And when the night our blasted prospects shrouds
In gloomy darkness and portentous clouds,
When scenes of joy are turned to scenes of woe,
And adverse tempests rudely round us blow,—
When our frail bark on heaving billows tossed,
We almost number with the wrecked and lost:—
Oh mortal, calm thy troubled heart! 'Tis sweet
To talk with God before the mercy-seat.
His bosom yearns towards the suffering saint,
He bends His ear attentive to thy plaint,
His eye sees through the depths of thy distress,
His hand, already, is stretched forth to bless,

He knows thy frame—remembers thou art dust;
Believe His word, and in thy Saviour trust.
So shall thy soul in perfect peace be stayed,
Nor be by foes o'ercome, by fears dismayed—
So shall thy joy its firm position keep,
Amidst the heavings of life's troubled deep—
So shall the storms that with thy vessel sport,
But bear thee onward to thy destined port.
Thus ancient saints the path to glory trod,
And thus, by faith and prayer, we walk with God.

"Tis midnight—clouds of darkness dense and
dread,
O'er all the dwellings of the world are spread.
The din of men within Philippi's walls,
Their sounding labors, and their drunken brawls

Are hushed, for silence now dominion keeps
And Nature, robed in gloom, profoundly sleeps.
But hark! a sound unearthly charms the air,
As though sweet angels sung their anthems there.
Within a dungeon's damp and dismal cell,
Where crime and wretchedness are wont to dwell
Two men of God, in bonds for Jesus' sake,
While others sleep, to sweet devotion wake;
Forgetting past afflictions,—present wrongs,
To notes of praise they tune their hearts and tongues;
Amidst the pressure of their galling chains,
And 'midst their recent stripes' inflicted pains,
A sense of heavenly love their bosom fills,
A joy unwonted through their nature thrills,
Their souls ascend on faith's unfettered wing,
And Paul and Silas in their dungeon sing.⁹

So, at the opening of a summer day,
The caged canary trills her gladsome lay,
Exults in memory of other times,
And sings of warmer sunshine and of brighter
climes.

The man beloved to lonely Patmos driven,¹⁰
For faithful witness, there communes with heaven.
The vain and shadowy scenes of earth withdrawn,
New fields of bliss upon his vision dawn.
His bosom kindles with seraphic fires,
His joy, new-winged, to loftier heights aspires—
Things present sink to valleys in his eyes,
While future scenes to towering mountains rise,
Those mountains by the feet of angels trod,
And radiant with the majesty of God.

He speaks in Jesus' hallowed name—each thought
Inspired, and with poetic grandeur fraught.
He paints in language, thrilling and sublime,
The great events that mark the course of time :
The devil's malice, and his final fall,
The church through grace triumphant over all,
Time's closing scene, the trump by Gabriel blown,
And the dread splendours of the Judgment Throne.

Lo ! sundered from the converse of mankind,¹¹
For twelve long years in Bedford jail confined,
A lowly child of genius and of grace
A trophy rears, which time shall ne'er deface.
The living preacher's voice is hushed, but not
The voice of noble and unfettered thought.
In that lone dungeon, Bunyan breathes the air,

Of a celestial clime, for God is there.
The visits of Almighty grace console,
Expand, and strengthen his heroic soul.
From all he loves on earth though sundered far,
And kept by bolted door and iron bar,
His genius rises on devotion's wings,
And, soaring, with unwonted grandeur sings.

Time-honoured Pilgrim's Progress, thee we hail !
The prison-born—the child of Bedford jail !
Thy lowly birth a larger praise demands,
And makes thee now the wonder of all lands.
The little child delighted cons thee o'er,
And, reading often, but admires the more.
In youth, in manhood's prime, in hoary age,
With equal zest we linger on thy page—

The learned and the rude find knowledge here,
Cold critics praise, and stoics shed a tear.
Such deep experience of the life within,
Such pictures of the wretchedness of sin,
Such glorious views of God and grace are given,
As lift from earth, and lure the soul to heaven.

The Pilgrim's course with minds absorbed we
trace
Through all the progress of his weary race:
Pursue his steps, and on his journey wait,
In Despond's Slough, or at the Wicket Gate,
Beside the Cross, or in the gloomy dell
Where fierce Appollyon's rage upon him fell,
In Doubting Castle, on the Enchanted Ground,
(The roll now lost, now with rejoicing found,)

In Beulah's gladsome land, on those blest Hills
Where sight of heaven the raptured vision fills;—
The cold descent into Death's dismal tide,
And the triumphant rise on Glory's side;—
While angels to the river's brink come down,
And, shouting, bear the Pilgrim to his crown.

Immortal Dreamer! from thy sorrow's-night
Arose a beauteous orb of matchless light,
Whose rays far-shot, in undecaying prime,
Illume all ages, and enrich all time.
That vile confinement and long solitude
Man meant for ill, but God designed for good.
While thus thy proud oppressors wrought their shame,
They laid the basis of thy growing fame,
And gave to immortality the Tinker's name!

The Bible, precious legacy to men
From heaven, and writ by inspiration's pen,
All glowing with celestial grace and power,
Comes to sustain us in each trying hour.
Stamped with the fatherhood of God, these lines
Teem with the grandeur of his high designs—
In living light his attributes portray,
And the deep wonders of his grace display,—
Abound with *doctrines*, to confirm our trust ;
With *precepts*, for the guidance of the Just ;
With *promises*, life's darkness to illume ;—
And shed their hallowed radiance o'er the tomb.

Lives there a man in sin so deeply dyed,
So lost to grace, to madness so allied,
Who dares eternal vengeance to defy,

And brand these Sacred Scriptures as a lie?
And to enlarge the measure of his shame,
Seeks shelter 'neath Philosophy's proud name?
Poor, thin-brained Atheist, thy vile pratings cease,
Nor longer stab thy bosom's only peace!
False science puffs thy heart, and sways thy school,
And thy cold creed aloud proclaims the fool!

Far different he, whose heart and will subdued,
With holy reverence for his God imbued,
Receives the Bible as his life-long guide,
And for its truth abandons all beside.
The firm persuasion of its high descent,
Deep-rooted, with his inmost soul is blent.
Though billows heave, and tempests howl without,
His heart, unclouded by the shades of doubt,

Its treasured trust upon the Bible rears,
Finds joy in grief, and smiles amidst its tears.
Fresh wonders daily break upon his view,
Its truths, though pondered oft, are always new ;
The field of his survey in vastness grows,
And all the scene with richer glory glows.

Thus issuing forth from dungeon and from night,
The long-imprisoned captive walks in light.
Fair nature's panoramic charms entrance
His wildered thoughts, and fix his eager glance.
He triumphs in the sun's effulgent rays,
And, with a bounding heart, the glorious scene surveys.

Thrice-blesséd Book ! oh let me ever seek
My chief delight in truths which thou dost speak !

Here I would build my hopes, all else is vain,
Instinct with death, and doomed to sorrow's reign.
Companion of my journey, still to cheer
My saddest hours, and quell each rising fear,
To thee I look, o'er thy sweet promise bend,
And claim thee as my bosom's dearest friend.
Here light in darkness shines, here wisdom pours
Her streams, enriched with heaven's redundant
stores ;
Here truth unlocks the portals of the sky,
And opes immortal scenes to mortal eye;
Here knowledge spreads her board, with bounty
crowned ;
Where choicest viands for the soul are found ;
Here love the glow of life divine imparts,
Strikes our dull ears, and melts our frozen hearts.

Most precious volume ! thou alone shalt be
My polar-star, while sailing o'er life's sea.
Thus proof against all danger and all fear,
Through storms and quick-sands I securely steer.
My Pharos thou,—and while thy watch-fires
burn,
In breakers and in clouds to thee I turn ;
And steadfast on thy streaming lustre gaze,
Till thou art lost in heaven's resplendent blaze.

We oft converse, and pleased communion hold
With works bequeathed by minds of Christian
mould—
Those master minds, beyond the common crowd,
By grace enriched, with genius high endowed.
Augustine, Calvin, Edwards—noble names !¹²

The church throughout all time their praise pro-
claims.

In logic skilled, in argument profound,

In Scripture mighty, and in doctrine sound,—

Their giant strength to error they oppose,

Beat down the forces of besieging foes,

High on the battlements of Zion tower,

And win the day from every hostile power.

Guided by him of Analogic name¹³

We love to look through Nature's beauteous frame,

And in her course and constitution see

How firm Revealed Religion's bulwarks be.

With affluent Charnocke now we linger,—now¹⁴

With the sublime and richly-furnished Howe.¹⁵

In Doddridge calm, judicious, meek, we find¹⁶

Religion's Rise and Progress in the mind.

With Boston we survey Man's Fourfold State,¹⁷

Anon, with soaring Hervey meditate.¹⁸

God's Life in Man with Scougal now we trace,¹⁹

Or contemplate with Booth the Reign of Grace.²⁰

What holy ardour fires the Christian's breast,

While Baxter sings of Everlasting Rest!²¹

In Fuller's manly volumes we explore²²

Far-reaching mines of intellectual ore;

Rough in the texture of their soil, but fraught

With the rich gold of independent thought.

Lo! Chalmers, in his Astronomic car,²³

Wheeling aloft, careers from star to star—

Looks out upon Immensity's vast sea,

And gathers thence new proofs of Deity.

But chiefly Leighton on thy page we dwell,²⁴

Bound by a pleasing and resistless spell—
In thought and style pathetic, simple, chaste,
Clothed in true grandeur, and with beauty graced—
A heavenly fragrance from thy pen distils,
And all thy pages with its odours fills.
In meekness schooled, baptized in love divine,
Thy own sweet spirit breathes in every line.

Oh, highly favoured sons of humankind,
To whom our God this mission has assigned !
Who, e'er their journey ended in the grave,
Such witness to his truth and goodness gave !
The love that in them burned shoots forth its rays
O'er wide-spread regions, and to distant days.
They live from age to age, and live to bless,
Though cold in dust, still speaking through the press.

Their relics, rescued from oblivion's tomb,
Still throb with life, and yield a rich perfume;
And, wafted by the gales of grace, shall glide
Like richly-freighted barks on Time's descending
tide.

Friendship, thy pleasures and thy well-earned
praise
Have oft inspired the admiring Poet's lays.
A relic thou of man's primeval state,
Dearer than gold, and in thy solace great.
Thy generous heart, with sympathetic glow,
Responsive throbs to all the forms of woe,
Thy faithful hand, outstretched, and open still,
Is prompt its kindly mission to fulfill.
We dread no danger, and we read no guile

In the calm light of thy benignant smile.

Oh, what unnumbered sweet attractions blend

In the dear name and office of a friend !

But Friendship's pleasures holier heights attain ²⁵

Where Piety has linked her golden chain.

How blest the amity of Christian minds,

Whom grace attracts, and in communion binds !

One in the deep-wrought purposes of God,

One in the bonds of holy brotherhood,

One in the experience of a heavenly birth,

One in their common cares and toils on earth,

One in their aims for Christ to live or die,

One in their hopes and heritage on high,—

Thus linked in present and eternal bonds,

Each heart to each in purest love responds ;

While all, in richer streams, their tribute send
To him who best deserves the name of friend,—
The great attractive Centre of the whole,
Round whom, like sister worlds, in harmony they
roll.

Thus, clothed in might with dazzling splendour
blent,
The sun, high-throned amidst the firmament,
Creation's broad and fixed survey absorbs,
And with his influence binds revolving orbs.

A Christian friend—inestimable boon !
With such how rich a blessing to commune !
How strong the cords that bind our hearts, how
sweet

The terms of fellowship on which we meet;—
On which we walk through life's perplexing road,
And upward press to our beloved abode !
A common fellowship in joy and grief,
In hope and fear, in burden and relief,
The bond of Christian brotherhood endears,
Softens our pathway, and our journey cheers.
Such sympathy our suffering nature craves,
Amidst life's boisterous winds and bounding waves.

In pious converse with a Christian friend,
To good account the passing hours we spend.
One in the texture of our moral frame,
The same our conflicts, and our hopes the same,
We rise above the world's bewitching dreams,
And dwell, with mutual joy, on heavenly themes.

Mind sharpens mind—thought springs from
thought,—by turns

Each thrills with rapture, or with ardor burns;
Till all is wrapt in love's celestial fire,
And to the Mount of God our flaming souls aspire!

Near twelve months since, of such a friend bereft,²⁶
My heart still feels the chasm which he left;
With fond affection to his memory clings,
And keeps his name amongst its sacred things.
Of kindred callings, and the same in age,
We met as friends, in manhood's earliest stage.
In manners modest, affable, refined,
In heart confiding, generous, and kind,
In purpose fixed, immovable, and pure,
In mind profound, reflective, and mature—

His crowning excellence, by all confessed,
Was the deep fear of God that swayed his breast.
Of studious habits, and of well-trained powers,
He passed his days 'midst sacred learning's
bowers ;
Deep inspirations from her fountains drew,
And all around her mellowing influence threw.
We watched, with pride, his luminous career,
And fondly hoped his long probation here.
When lo ! he fell, in intellectual prime,
And parted from the fellowship of time.

I loved him from the first, and only know
That depth of love, since death has laid him low.
We often met, alas, we meet no more !
My little bark still lingers on the shore ;

While his, with streaming sails, unmoored and free,
Now rides the billows of Eternity.

Oh early lost ! thy name shall ne'er depart,
Deep-buried in Affection's bleeding heart.
I sorrow for myself, and not for thee :
Thou art with God, though sundered far from me.
Oh, may thy dying grace to me be given,
And our dear friendship be renewed in heaven !
The friends of learning oft aside shall turn,
To muse in sadness by thy silent urn ;
Nor kneeling Piety, withhold a tear,
As Memory sighs and whispers, Mims sleeps here !

The Pleasures of Piety.

PART III.

ANALYSIS.

Cheering prospects of the world, in view of the Missionary enterprises which illustrate the present age. Glance at the Millennium—which leads, by contrast, to a brief survey of the past history and condition of the world, under the tyranny of sin. All things betoken the Reign of Righteousness predicted in the word of God—the overthrow of hostile powers—the coming of Messiah's kingdom, and the subjugation of all nations to his reign.

True consolation amidst the bereavements of life found only in Piety. Episode—parents bereaved of their only child, and their comfort in the bereavement.

Pleasures connected with the anticipations of the heavenly state.
Description of heaven.

A walk amongst the tombs. The melancholy reflections incident to such a scene assuaged by the hope of the resurrection. The res-

toration to life of the son of the widow of Nain. The resurrection of Christ. Description of the general resurrection of the dead on the last day.

The pleasures of Piety are constant and abiding. Description of a dying Christian.

The Poem concludes with an exhortation to the cultivation of Piety.

Pleasures of Piety.

PART III.

Amidst the long and dreadful night that shrouds
The moral world in darkness and in clouds,
The morn of missions dawns—like earliest star,
Sends forth its glimmering promises afar;
With beams of hope lights up the orient skies,
And heralds there the Sun of Glory's rise.

Offspring of hell, subversive of all good,
Long has the Tempter's cursed empire stood,
The hopes of bliss from human hearts expelled,
And all the world in vilest bondage held.
Six thousand years our abject race have bowed

Beneath hell's tyranny—by heaven allowed
For wise designs, which wondering angels scan,
But lie beyond the mental reach of man.
And still the gathered wrath of heaven delays ;
And still the apostate king his sceptre sways
O'er hearts and lives, and cottages and thrones,
And mocks at human agonies and groans,
While holy beings, intent, look down with tears
On the long hell-rule of six thousand years.

Oh earth, long chained by sin, and bound in woe,
Ere long through all thy borders thou shalt know
The blessed freedom of a full release,
And hail thy rightful Lord—the Prince of Peace !
All things betoken change, the end foretell
Of sin's dominion, and the reign of hell.

Advancing science scans with eagle eye
The depths of earth, the wonders of the sky ;
Puts forth her scythe on nature's teeming fields,
And for the general good large harvests yields.

The light of civil and politic truth
Breaks forth in all the brilliancy of youth,
O'er tottering thrones, and crumbling empires streams,
And cheers far nations with its hopeful beams.

The wings of commerce, waving wide and free,
Flutter along the shores of every sea.

The car of knowledge thunders on its way,
The clouds disperse, and night gives place to day.
Idolatry, affrighted, shrinks and flies
To dens secluded, and to darker skies ;
And there awaits, with trembling and with dread,
The coming stroke that lays her with the dead.

The Crescent wanes. The Babylonian Queen,
Bending with age, and drunk with blood, is seen ;
With feeble grasp her seven-hilled throne maintains,
Apes vigorous life, and with mock splendour reigns.
Her bulls, the terror of a former age,
In harmless thunders bellow out their rage.
With nerveless hand she wields a shivered lance,
Her sole defence the bayonets of France;
And from her high and godless empire hurled,
Provokes the jeers and laughter of the world.

All things betoken change. Bright signs appear,
The coming of the Prince of Peace draws near ;
And as he comes, the reign of sin retires,
Like night-shades chased by morning's arrowy fires.
He comes in every heart to build his throne—

He comes to claim the wide world as his own—
The losses of our nature to retrieve,
The crown of many nations to receive :
He comes redeemed Humanity to bless
With the Millennial reign of Righteousness.

Oh Zion ! check thy tears, suppress thy sigh,
The glorious coming of thy Lord is nigh.
“ I tarry not—I quickly come,” he cries ;
His chariot-wheels roll down the rending skies.
Thy night of widowhood is past, thy morn
Of bridal gladness dawns—thyself adorn
In beauteous robes, by sovereign grace supplied—
And go to meet the Lamb, beloved Bride !

Blest Saviour come ! thy promised advent haste ;
Long has thy earthly garden run to waste—

Thy presence and thy kindly-fostering care
Shall bring back life, and all the waste repair.
Thy fainting saints look up with longing eye,
And weary nations for thy coming sigh.
Thy truth and knowledge through the world shall
sweep,
Like waters rushing o'er the mighty deep—
Fill every vale, o'er every mountain ride,
And compass earth with their pacific tide.
The wandering tribes of Heber, purged from dross,
With loud lamentations shall cluster round thy cross;
In deep and willing penitence bow down,
And to their own Messiah yield the crown,—
And o'er the joyful hills of Palestine
The holy light of God again shall shine—
While Gentile Tribes, of every name or shore,

Shall bless thy sceptre, and thy grace adore.
No more shall cruel war with gory hand
People untimely graves from land to land.
No more shall malice hurl her venom'd darts,
Nor pride nor envy dwell in human hearts.
No more shall avarice the sceptre hold,
Nor bind men fast with chains of sordid gold.
All hearts shall find their wealth in thee—their
choice
Thy service, and their guide thy voice.
One mighty chain, of peace and love entwined,
Shall gird the globe, and all in union bind.

Broad Continents beneath thy sway shall rest,
And all the sons of men shall call thee Blest.
In every land, on every peopled Isle

Thy peace shall prosper, and thy presence smile.
And while thy Ransomed, to thy honour, boast
A better Paradise than Adam lost; •
In one vast tide, oh Son of God! to thee
Shall swell the anthems of all nature's jubilee!

Conceived in sin, and sufferers from our birth,
• Our days are sad, and filled with grief on earth.
In sin we sow the seed, and plant the root,
And gather, in our ripened woes the fruit.
Successive storms assail our fleeting years,
And life is but a pilgrimage of tears—
We read, deeply inscribed on every age,
Affliction is our nature's heritage.
Oh whence shall comfort flow to him who bends
O'er dying kindred, or o'er buried friends?

To heaven-born Piety the mourner turns,
Undimmed her star of consolation burns,
Like sunshine streaming through the angry cloud,
While thunders roar and winds are wailing loud—
Like rainbow, softening with its beauteous form
The wild and haggard visage of the storm.

'Tis eve—beside a dying infant's bed
Two mournful watchers sit—its little head
With fever scorched, and tossing in distress,
Alternate hands with fond affection press ;
Alternate kisses linger on its cheek,
And large hot tears parental anguish speak.
A few months since this babe, their only child,
Came to their arms, and on their homestead smiled ;
An angel form—they craved no more than this,

Their best loved treasure and their finished bliss.

Alas, how soon earth's richest beauty fades !

How soon her purest light is dimmed by shades !

How soon her budding joys to sorrows grow !

How soon her highest bliss is dipped in woe !

The much-loved infant sickens—draws its breath

In laboured gasps—and now it sleeps in death.

To-day its life-rays all that house illume,

To-night its death-shades veil it all in gloom—

This morn it was a living seraph here ;

This night a seraph in another sphere.

Thus wearied with its cage, the little bird

In silence cowers, its voice no more is heard.

When lo ! a pitying hand the bars removes,

And gently beckons to its native groves.

It opes its drooping eyes, expands its wings,
Flutters with life, and from its torpor springs;
Breaks from its bondage, shuns pursuing eyes,
And bears away to more inviting skies.

“Florence assuage thy tears,” the father cries,
“Our comfort lives, although our Edward dies.
He dies to earth, but, oh, he lives again
In Being’s holier, happier domain!
That little star, that lit our mortal way,
Now shines in heaven, with far more splendid ray.
That little flower that in our garden bloomed,
And all the atmosphere of life perfumed,
Now blows amongst the flowers of Paradise,
More rich and sweet than when it blest our eyes.
Oh, favoured we! While mourning o’er our dead,
Rich dews of comfort on our hearts are shed.

This eve, although we mourn departed joy,
In the cold sleep of our beloved boy,
An infant angel passed the gates of night,
And mingled with the elder sons of light.

Our dearest treasure moored on glory's coast,
No other treasure in the world we boast.

To closer fellowship with heaven we rise,
Since our sweet infant mingled with the skies.

“ His lifeless form we lay in lowly dust,
Strong in the comfort of immortal trust.

Our Saviour died, and lo ! our Edward dies—
Our Saviour rose, our Edward too shall rise.

The grave is but a temporary home,
A bridge—a tunnel to the life to come.

Through that dark tunnel one by one we go,

(As waves successive down the current flow,)
In long procession moving, first to last,
Till all the Caravan of life has passed.
The dead are parted, but they part to meet
Where no more storms shall round their mansions
beat—
Where words of parting never more are said,
And where the living no more mourn their dead.
Receive this little treasure, grave. We weep
To lay it in thy house, but thou wilt keep
Thy trust with faithful care till Gabriel calls;
And then through all thy cold and silent halls,
Our God the iron bonds of death shall break,
And sleeping millions from their slumbers wake.
And then our dearly loved, and early dead
Shall start triumphant from his narrow bed,

The grave-dust from his glittering vestments fling,
And to the blazing Fount of life and glory spring.”

What pleasures mingle with the hopes of those
To whom the promises of God disclose
A better life, a more congenial clime,
Beyond the precincts of revolving time!
Before whose eyes, though present tempests lower,
The hills of glory in the distance tower!
How blest the hope of heaven! Its power how
great
To soothe our cares, to lighten sorrow’s weight—
To dry the tear, to quell each rising sigh,
And cheer us when all earthly comforts die!

Like pilgrims through the world we pass—each day

Advancing on our melancholy way,
As by resistless gravitation led
Down to the ghastly regions of the dead.
All nature changes: for a season blooms,
In beauteous life, and gives forth sweet perfumes—
Then quickly fades before death's withering gust,
Breathes out her life and mingles with the dust.
We read our doom through nature's various range,
Ourselves the subjects of perpetual change.
With weary steps from scene to scene we roam,
And claim no earthly dwelling as our home.
Where'er we pitch our tent, howe'er provide
For coming storms, ere long the ebbing tide
Shall bear us down with its resistless wave,
And our last change consign us to the grave.
Oh, were it not for hope of heaven, how brief

Were human joy—our life how full of grief!
Oh were it not for hope of heaven, how deep
The gathering shades of nature's final sleep!
But this blest hope with fadeless light, serene,
Shines through the dark of each succeeding scene;
In life or death with equal splendour reigns,
And lights us on to Joy's eternal plains.

Thus travellers on Zahara's arid sand
Look for repose in some more genial land,
Where milder suns a softer light diffuse,
And pregnant clouds refresh with showers and dews;
Breast the fierce Simoom, on their journey haste,
Nor faint nor loiter 'midst the burning waste.

Through life this hope the troubled heart sustains,

For the redeemed of God a rest remains;
A rest where adverse winds no more shall blow,
A rest where waves of grief no more shall flow,
A rest from sin, and care, and anxious toil,
Whose treasured bliss no enemy can spoil—
A tranquil, peaceful, perfect, final rest,
Of all imaginable good possessed,
Pervading regions by the holy trod—
The bliss of angels and the rest of God !

Of heavenly rest I sing. Transporting theme !
How mean and low all earth-born glories seem,
While on the joyous mount of Hope I stand,
And hail the prospect of the promised land.
Beyond that deep and darkly-rolling flood,
O'erflowing with Humanity's life-blood,

Through which successive generations go,
And where they feel their last of earthly woe—
Beyond that flood, the fields of Paradise,
With glory crowned, in boundless prospect rise.
No night is there, nor eve succeeding noon,
Nor varied light of sun, or star, or moon—
All lesser orbs forgotten and unknown
In the excessive splendours of the throne.
No sea is there, diffusing far and wide
Its heaving waves and ever changing tide.
The Continent of Glory has no shore—
Nor swept by winds, nor vexed by ocean's roar,
In vast and placid blessedness it lies,
Compassed by nought but God's all-seeing eyes.
No grief is there—the Christian felt the last
Of human grief, as through the flood he passed.

No tears are there—the final tear was shed—
Before he swooned and mingled with the dead.
No mourning voice is heard, no piteous wail,
Like Hadadrimmon's in Migiddo's vale.
No death is there,—no monumental mound,
No grave-stones, pointing to sepulchral ground.

.

It is the land of light, of smiles, of joy,
Of love, of life—debased with no alloy.
The land where pious Friendship's golden chain,
Severed by death, is firmly linked again.
The land where holy beings, of every clime,
Of every age through the long course of time,
Shall meet, in blest society, to spend
The final life of ages without end.
The land where angels with the saints unite

In converse high, and banquets of delight,
In prostrate homage to the Great I Am,
In sounding hallelujahs to the Lamb.

The land where Jesus, by his Father's side,
A universal Sovereign sits, and wide,
Through the vast realms rejoicing 'neath his sway,
Pours fourth his smiles and makes eternal day.

The Lamb! Oh blessed centre of all heaven!
Thy love effused, its universal leaven!
All eyes to thee in admiration turn,
All hearts with love for thee intensely burn.

Other attractions, whether great or small,
Are lost in thee—and thou art heaven to all!

—

And shall the child of a degenerate race
Dare hope, in that blest land, to see thy face?

To mingle in thy ransomed train, and raise
In humble strains a tribute to thy praise ?
Then farewell earth ! thy richest joys farewell !
Far nobler pleasures in my bosom swell.
Calmly I'll bear thy ills, and, fearless, brave
The storm of death, the maelstrom of the grave :
My hope beyond their reach is anchored high,
And all my treasure garnered in the sky.

Thus the proud eagle spurns terrestrial things,
And, for a nobler flight, expands his wings.
Bearing away, he seeks an untrod path,
Drives through the mountain-tempest in its
wrath,
Constructs his eyrie on some rocky steep,
High o'er the echoing caverns of the deep ;

And there, sublime, in calm security,
Look fearless forth upon the raging of the sea.

The scene is changed. The pensive Muse resumes
A mournful strain. We walk amongst the tombs—
A melancholy place, within whose bound
Nought greets the eye, but here and there a mound,
With marble slab or sculptured stone, to show
The name of the unknown who sleeps below.
No human form is seen, no step is heard,
No merry laugh, no softly-whispered word—
No living breath disturbs the ambient air,
But all is calm, and cold, and silent here.
And yet within this grave-yard's narrow bound,
Deep buried underneath the sod, are found
The crowd who, erewhile, joyous walked the plain

Of life, and mingled with yon village train.
But here they rest, their labours they suspend,
And to mortality's last home descend.
Around, the young, the old, the low, the high,
In breathless sleep, and cold corruption lie.
Here is an infant's grave, whose little sun
Went down, when scarce its sweet day had begun.
There rests a faithful wife, in life adored,
And by her side her bosom's trusted lord.
The village pastor here has made his bed—
The old man there has laid his honoured head.
Yonder a father and a mother lie,
While their beloved offspring slumber nigh.
Where'er I turn, on human dust I tread,
And lonely walk through this dense city of the
dead.

Oh, were it not for Revelation's light,
How deep, and dark, and dismal were the night
That hovers o'er the dead, and shades the grave !
But he who *made*, is able too to *save*.
The temporary boast of death is vain,
For God has said the dead shall live again.

Forth from the gates of Nain a mournful crowd,²⁷
In slow procession moving, bore a shroud.
All hearts were touched with sympathy sincere,
A widow's only son lay on the bier.
A husband's death, erewhile, her heart had wrung,
And o'er her life thick clouds of darkness hung;
And now the wounds, which then so deeply bled;
Gush forth afresh—her only son is dead.
Poor, stricken mourner ! crushed by sorrow's weight,

Thy heart how sad, thy home how desolate !
What now shall cheer thy dark and lonely hours,
Since this last day-beam faded from thy bowers ?

The Son of God draws near—"Weep not," he
cries;
Then turning to the dead, "Young man, arise!"
That voice, ~~omnific~~, strikes the leaden ear,
And lo ! the sheeted corpse leaps from the bier,
With life instinct, and lustre in his eyes,
And to his mother's fond embrace he flies.
The raptured widow clasps her living boy,
In all the wildness of delirious joy.
Then falls before her Benefactor's face,
And with warm blessings, lauds his pitying grace.
The waiting crowd, with fear and wonder awed,

Shout loud hosannahs to the Son of God ;
And in the rising of the youth of Nain,
This truth we learn, the dead may live again.

A higher demonstration dost thou crave?²⁸
'Tis here. The third day dawns on Jesus' grave.
Around the sepulchre, a Roman train
Their iron guard and anxious watch maintain.
A ponderous stone, with signet sealed, and sure,
Lies on the door—and all is deemed secure.
Vain toil! As well that band might eastward run,²⁹
To check the progress of the morning sun ;
As well that stone before his car be whirled,
To block his rising glories from the world!
A mightier Sun, with more majestic blaze,
From deeper night shoots forth his rising rays.

The stone is rolled away, earth heaves around ;
The guard, like dead men, fall upon the ground.
The Crucified exalts his God-like head,
Comes glorious from the regions of the dead ;
With arm uplifted, smites pale death's domains,
And binds the tyrant in eternal chains.
Through all her adamantine vaults, hell groans,
The powers of darkness shudder on their thrones ;
The arch-fiend's breast with fiercer pangs is rent
Than when he toppled from heaven's battlement ;
While angels wave their wings, and eager rise
To bear the news through all the waiting skies.
A joy peculiar thrills the heavenly choirs,
To strains unheard before they wake their lyres ;
Their voices tune, and sweep each sounding chord
To chant the triumphs of their rising Lord—

The Father smiles, and from his radiant throne
New tides of bliss are poured through Glory's won-
dering zone.

On this great fact, believing souls repose,
At the predicted time, the Saviour rose;
And with him rose our hopes, to die no more;
For, rising, he hath left an open door
To death-imprisoned millions of all years,
When judgment-thunders rock the pealing
spheres.

The dead shall rise again, where'er they sleep,
On solid ground, or in the restless deep,
On mountains cold, or in secluded caves,
On battle-fields, or 'mongst paternal graves,

On foreign shores, or in their native land,
'Midst Polar snows, or on Zaharah's sand.

The dead shall rise again, whoe'er they be,
The old and young, the conquered and the free,
The rich and poor, the monarch and the slave,
The wise, the rude, the dastard, and the brave,
The true, the false, the honoured, the obscure,
The proud, the meek, the vicious, and the pure;
All, all, shall hear the trump of summons blown,
And move in awful grandeur to the throne.

The resurrection morn! Methinks I hear
The signal pealing through the rumbling air;
The distant skies reverberate the sound,
And mighty earthquakes shake the gaping ground.

The weary tide of time has ceased to run—
Intenser light extinguishes the sun—
Old ocean utters unaccustomed roar,
And sways, in thundering tides, from shore to
shore.

He comes, the mighty Saviour comes in cloud
Of blazing glory; all the heavens are bowed
Before his presence, and confess his reign,
While countless angels glitter in his train.
Pausing aloft, his conquering arm he rears
(For vengeance nerved) above the trembling spheres,
Smites the pale empire of the ghastly king,
(Whose smouldering realms with groans terrific
ring,)
Heaves the last pillar from his toppling throne,
Shakes from its base the last foundation stone;

Breaks up his prison-halls from cell to cell,
And hurls the shattered fragments down to hell.

“Come forth,” he cries, with voice of high command;
And lo! the dead arise on every hand,
Shake off their slumbers, and their icy chains,
While life immortal circles through their veins.
They rise from every sea, or isle, or shore,
In armies vast, and rise to die no more.
The elder race of Patriarchal blood,
And all the tribes that lived before the flood;
The ancient nations of historic fame,
And all barbaric hordes of unknown name;
The generations of more modern times,
The buried of all ages and all climes;

From Abel slaughtered in creation's morn,
Down to the latest child of woman born;
They come victorious from the final strife,
And surge, in countless waves—a boundless sea of
life.

And then these graves, 'mongst which I muse,
unsealed,
Shall glow with breath of kindling life, and yield
Their waking tenants to the vast array,
Who pass from night into immortal day.
This infant then shall spread his pinions fair,
And soar in beauty through the peopled air.
No longer bent with age, that grey-haired sire
Shall bound to life, imbued with youthful fire;
This wife, and husband sleeping by her side,

Shall each come forth—no more to death allied;
That village pastor, rising midst the shock,
Shall upward mount, with his rejoicing flock;
While yonder parents, with a blooming train
Of sons and daughters, wake to life again.

And then my dead shall live; that beauteous boy,
First pledge of wedded love, first star of joy
That lit his parents' home: so soon, alas!
Doomed from his orbit in this life to pass:
Whose sweet remains lie in that little grave
Beside the Pee Dee's darkly-rolling wave;
And his fair brother, younger born, whose days,
Like his, were brief, but fraught with purest rays
Of gentleness and love, now pillow'd low
In dust o'er which the mountain breezes blow:

Both, both shall live—the breath of God shall warm
Each frozen heart—inspire each perished form—
In finished beauty and unfading bloom,
Shall each forsake the wardrobe of the tomb,
Join in the hallelujahs of the Blest,
And hail the birth-day of eternal rest!

Undying Piety! thy joys abide
When we are 'reft of every joy beside.
Thy sun no setting knows; its heaven-born light
With equal lustre shines, by day, by night,
When skies are clear, or threatening tempests lower,
And gilds with brightest rays life's closing hour.

Hush! 'tis a death-bed scene—the Christian lies,
Sinking and faint, in life's last agonies.

The evening dews, of death precursive, now
In clammy coldness, gather round his brow.
The settling blood its crimson hues reveals,
And o'er his limbs a creeping numbness steals.
His breath is almost spent, his glazing eye,
With fixed survey, turns upward to the sky.
His voice in husky accents strikes the ear;
All things proclaim, oh! death, that thou art near!
But thy grim visages no terror bring,
Terrific monster! thou hast lost thy sting.
The Christian calmly rests his dying head
On the Redeemer's bosom; round his bed
Angelic forms their sleepless vigils keep,
And view the scene with joy, though mortals weep.
With fainting voice, he bids a calm farewell
To the dear friends he loved on earth so well;

Then turns his thoughts from earth to heaven, and

longs

To join the chorus of immortal songs.

And oh! the glory! Through the gloom afar,

He sees the rising of the Morning Star,

Before whose beams earth pales her brightest fires,

Before whose beams the night of death retires;

Whose glimmerings e'en the grave's dread sky

adorn,

And surely herald an eternal morn.

The dying child of God pants for the strife,

The closing stroke—and craves his coming life.

With one last effort points to his dear home,

And whispers, "Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!"

Then leaves his crumbling tenement of clay,

Puts on angelic wings, and soars to cloudless day.

Thus wafted on her voyage by favouring gales,
In sight of port, the vessel spreads her sails.
The well known Pharos guides her on her way,
She courts the breeze, and no more brooks delay;
Drives back in foam the waves that beat her sides,
And thus triumphant into port she rides.

In works of Piety, oh! mortal, spend
The few remaining years which God shall send.
Thus pleasures, which no sufferings can assuage,
Shall strew the pathway of thy pilgrimage,
With fragrant freshness gather round its close,
And soothe thee into nature's last repose.
Amidst the dreary winter of the tomb,
Shall fadeless flowers of hope immortal bloom.
And when the Judgment-trumpet wakes the dead,

With thrilling joy shalt thou lift up thine head,
Inhale new vigor with returning breath,
And rise to glory from the solitude of death.

MISCELLANEOUS

P O E M S

B Y

RICHARD FURMAN.

LINES

Written on the Death of the Hon. John C. Calhoun.

Mourn, Carolina mourn! thy statesman lies
In cold oblivion's final, dreamless, sleep,
Forever sundered from terrestrial ties.

The sentinel no more his watch shall keep
Like some tall pharos towering o'er the deep.
In legislative halls no more the sage,
From the deep wisdom of experienced years,
Shall speak in tones to move and mould the age.
His service, fraught with life-consuming cares,
Demands the gushing tribute of a nation's tears.

Amongst his country's brightest stars he shone,—
A sun—with regal strength and splendour fraught.
Of all his mighty rivals, there was none,
Who to the lists of mental combat brought
Such depth and matchless energy of thought.
In argument profound, conclusive, clear,
All subjects to their depths he probed and stirred—
In language simple, chaste, concise, severe—
He spoke, the nation leaned upon his word,
And listening Senates, with admiring silence heard.

He loved the Constitution from his heart,
Framed by the wisdom of our sires of yore—
A strict adherence to that noble chart,
The motto on the banner which he bore.
He loved the Union of the States—but more

The rights and safety of each sovereign State—
These, these, the labour of his life to save,
And these his care when passing through death's
gate.

His last hours to his country's cause he gave,
And from the Senate Halls they bore him to his
grave.

List to his voice, oh South, maintain the right !
List to his voice, oh North, forsake the wrong !
So shall the North and South again unite,
And in the bonds of brotherhood be strong :
So shall this glorious Union flourish long
On the great principles that gave it birth ;
Advance its youth to vigorous manhood's prime,
And lead the moral progress of the earth—

The joy and paragon of every clime,
And Freedom's boast and bulwark in all coming
time.

Oh honoured dead! thy virtues and thy deeds
Are graven on thy Carolina's heart;
O'er thy new grave at every pore she bleeds,
In the full gushings of parental smart—
And in her grief her sons all share a part.
Thy peerless genius won a large renown;
Nor less thy pure and patriotic aim—
This, this, the glory of thy well-earned crown.
With pride thy birthplace and thy grave we claim,
And guard with filial care thy patriarchal fame.

from the Italian of Metastasio.

Upon a cruel sea I steer my bark,
Without the friendly aid of sail or chart;
The ocean roars, the firmament grows dark,
The tempest freshens, unopposed by art.
By all abandoned in this wretched state,
I am compelled to obey the will of Fate,
Which bears sweet Innocence, my sole compeer,
With me a melancholy wreck to share!

Epitaph on W. M. J.

Farewell sweet boy ! thy gentle form
We here consign to peaceful rest—
Early conveyed through life's rude storm,
Thou'rt gone to mingle with the Blest.
As flowers that fade at opening day,
Thus quickly hast thou drooped away.

Long will we fondly think of thee !
No future scenes can e'er destroy
The freshness of thy memory,
Tempered with sorrow and with joy—
We *mourn* the ties thus early riven,
We *joy* that thou art now in heaven.

While bending o'er thy little grave,
With meek submission may we say,
"God's will be done! Our Father gave,
Our Father took this child away—
His own it was his right to claim,
And we will bless his holy name."

Lines on the Death of J. C. G.

And hast thou left us, precious boy? Shall we
No more behold thy beauteous face, nor hear
The soft tones of thy silver voice, nor mark
The growth of thy expanding form, nor catch
The lustre of thy brilliant eye, so fraught
With tenderness, intelligence and love?
'Tis even so! In the fair morning of
Thy sweet existence thou hast passed away.
A cloud has gathered round our home, obscured
Its light, and marred its beauty. Our withered

Joys, and all our fond and budding hopes, lie
Buried in thy little grave.

Beloved

Child! Scarce twelve months since, a little angel,
Thou didst come, to cheer our hearts, and light our
Dwelling with thy lovely presence. In Spring,
When flowers were blooming all around, thou
cam'st,

The loveliest flower in all the land. In Spring
Thy beauty faded, and thy bloom decayed;
But still thy fragrance lingers 'midst our bowers,
And shall forever live a treasured trust,
In the dear memory of parental hearts.

Great was our joy when first we gazed upon
Thy face, and in its tiny features traced

The image of thy first-born brother—him
Whose fair and faded form, ten years ago,
We buried in the cold, cold ground. Like his,
Thy birth gave joy :—like his, thy life was one
Of gentleness and love :—like his, thy sun
Went down in early morn :—like his, thy death
Clouded our hearts with grief, our house with gloom.
Sweet child! In thee we found a solace midst
The cares of anxious life. In thee we found
A spring of cheerfulness that never failed.
Thy parents doated on thee. In thy smile
Of pure affection—in the soft clasping
Of thy snow-white arms—in the bright, deep glance
Of thy expressive eye—in the oft proffered
Kisses of thy ruby lips :—in all thy
Life and being, we found a well of comfort,

And a stream of joy. Thy brothers and thy
Sister often gathered round, to kiss thy
Cheek, thy hands, thy feet,—to catch thy glances,
And excite thy smile,—and speak, in tender
Admiration, of the loving, smiling
Beauty that sat upon their mother's knee.
Father, mother, brothers, sister,—all, all,
Found their light in thee. Thou wert our dwelling's
Little sun, the central pleasure of the
Dear domestic circle. But thou hast left thine
Orbit here, in brighter worlds to shine; and
We remain in darkness.

Through all thy sad
And painful illness, thine eye ne'er lost its
Lustre, nor thy heart its love. As flowers, when

Bruised, send forth their sweetest smell, e'en so the
Sweetness of thy life, in gathered fragrance,
Breathed around, when thou wast bruised, and
rudely

Broken by the hand of death. Thy body
Wasted by disease, and racked with pain, found
Rest, its only rest, upon thy mother's
Bosom, or in thy father's circling arms.

And when the damp dews of life's last evening
Were falling on thy brow; and when thy hands
And feet were powerless and cold, and all
Thy strength was gone,—at the parental call
Thine eye looked up in love, and thy pale lips
Were opened to receive the farewell kiss.

The dreaded change came o'er thee, and the ties
That bound thee to the world were cut. Our hearts

Gave up their treasure to the skies. Angels.

Methinks, were hovering round, and our blest child
Put on immortal wings, and soared from man
To God.

With stricken hearts we closed thine eyes,
And wrapped thee in the winding-sheet, and bore
Thee to thy burial. There sweetly, calmly
Rest, until the day of promised ransom.

Then, at the sound of Gabriel's trumpet, and
The voice of God, instinct with life, thou shalt
Arise, a fadeless beauty, from the tomb,
To sparkle in thy Saviour's glorious crown,
And shine amongst the eternal stars of heaven !

The Return of Spring.

Stern winter's dying blasts are heard,
And Spring begins once more to bloom ;
Fair Nature hails the auspicious signs,
And rises from her wint'ry tomb.

The mighty monarch of the morn,
Rejoicing, from the South returns ;
Diffuses life through all the land,
And with his wonted glory burns.

The vernal flowers peep forth, and spread
In modest beauty o'er the ground,
Receive the kisses of the morn,
And breathe Arcadian sweets around.

Come forth, sweet warblers of the wood,
And wake, once more, the vernal lay!
Brooks, vales and blooming groves invite,
And winter's blasts have died away.

The Martyr.

"Next there was Sanders condemned, and sent to Coventry to be burnt, where he suffered on the 8th of February. He had been made a prisoner for preaching, notwithstanding the Queen's prohibition, and was condemned for not conforming to the new laws. He was led out to the stake, and a pardon was offered him: but he said he held no heresies, but the blessed Gospel of Christ; and that he would never recant. When he came to the stake, he embraced it and said, "Welcome the Cross of Christ, welcome everlasting life;" and so he was burnt."—Burnet's Hist. Ref. vol. ii. p. 470.

In chains a servant of the Lord

Was hurried to the stake,

Confiding in his Saviour's word,

To suffer for his sake :

His sake, who shed his precious blood

Without a murmuring breath,

And soothed the dreadful wrath of God

With his vicarious death.
Though marching to a fiery doom,
His soul was free from care ;
The agonies of martyrdom,
He faced devoid of fear.
Nay, joy itself shone o'er his face,
In rays divinely mild—
“Father I feel thy strengthening grace,”
He said, and sweetly smiled.

His flock, a little band, drew near,
To bid a last farewell ;
While many a sigh, and many a tear,
Their deep-toned anguish tell.
Their pastor whom no guile had stained
Revered and loved by all,

Was doomed to death, and they remained,
To mourn his early fall.

Their tears he saw, their sighs he heard,
And witnessed all their grief—
“Weep not for me Saints of the Lord!
My sufferings will be brief.
Each moment higher throbs my heart,
At thought of joys to come—
The fire that burns the mortal part
Shall light my spirit home.”

The cords were passed around his frame,
And bound him to the pole;
Fresh lustre o'er his visage came,
Fresh glory filled his soul.

He hailed the twilight of his woes,
And to the eye of faith,
The Sun of Righteousness arose
Beyond the shades of Death.

The fire was lit and fiercely blazed,
The martyr longed to die ;
Thrice clapped his scorched hands, and raised
To heaven his raptured eye.
“For me my Lord was crucified,—
I hail thee, Cross of Christ !
Welcome eternal life!” he cried,
And soared to endless rest.

The Streamlet—The Zephyr.

The following little Italian piece was handed me by a literary friend in Edinburgh. Its author is unknown.

Placido zeffiretto!

Se trovi il caro oggetto,

Digli che sei sospiro;

Ma non gli dir di chi.

Limpido ruscelletto !

Se mai t'incontri in lei,

Dille che pianto sei ;

Ma non le dir qual ciglio

Crescer ti fè cosi.

TRANSLATION.

Bright streamlet, should you meet the fair
So loved, tell her you are a tear,

But tell not whence you came.
Soft zephyr, should you pass her by,
Whisper, I am a lover's sigh—
But oh, conceal his name !

Dies Irae.

A NEW TRANSLATION.

I.

Oh the vengeance of that day,
When, as seers and sybils say,
Earth in flames shall melt away !

II.

What a trembling shakes the sky,
When the Mighty Judge draws nigh,
All things at his bar to try !

III.

Then the trump of awful sound,
Echoing through sepulchral ground,
Gathers all the throne around.

IV.

Death and Nature palsied fall,
As his creatures, great and small,
Come forth at the Judge's call.

V.

Then the volume shall be brought.
With all human actions fraught,
Whence the world its doom is taught.

VI.

When the Judge sits on the throne,
Secret things shall all be known,
And to all men justice shown.

VII.

What then shall a sinner say,
To what Intercessor pray,
When the just man's strength gives way?

VIII.

King of fearful majesty,
Author of salvation free,—
Fount of pity, rescue me.

IX.

Lord, remember the grace shown,
When my cause was made thine own—
Then, oh leave me not alone !

X.

Seeking me, thou sufferedst here,
On the cross my curse didst bear—
Let not all thy toil fail *there* !

XI.

Vengeance, Righteous Judge, is thine!
Grant remission of my sin,
Ere that day of doom begin.

xii.

Heart-felt groans my guilt confess—
Blushing shame o'erspreads my face—
Oh, God, grant a suppliant grace!

xiii.

Mary felt thy pardon free,
And the thief upon the tree—
My hopes too are staid on thee.

xiv.

Prayers of mine no merit have—
Mercy, undeserved, I crave—
From eternal burnings save.

xv.

Severed from the faithless band,
May it be my lot to stand
With the sheep at thy right-hand!

XVI.

When the wicked, sore distress'd,
Sink, with burning vengeance press'd,
Call me home amongst the bless'd.

XVII.

Lowly in the dust I bend,
Whence my contrite cries ascend—
Oh sustain me in my end !

XVIII.

On that day of weeping dire,
When, risen from a world on fire,
Sinners at thy bar appear—
Spare, oh God, the suppliant spare !

LINES

Suggested by a View from the base of Table Rock.

Stupendous pile! with silent dread I gaze
On thy wild grandeur; and, the while, a sense
Of present Deity o'erwhelms my wondering,
Awe-struck soul.

What power but that of God
Could e'er have raised thy huge dimensions, and
What power but that of God can undermine
Thy deep foundations, and hurl thee headlong
From thy mountain-throne? Rising aloft
In sheer ascent, thy bald and frowning crest

Disdains comparison with earth, o'erlooks
Unnumbered mountains, and attracts the gaze
And admiration of all surrounding
Nature. The first rays of the rising sun
Thy summit gild; and round thy kingly brow
Linger his setting glories. Cool waters
Gurgle through thy rugged veins, or leaping
Down thy battlements, diffuse refreshing
Coolness through the air, and paint, with sun-beams
Sweetly blending, cerulean beauties on
The sky. Thy shaggy sides, precipitous
And black, protruding now, and now indented,
With many a flake, half-chiselled from the mass,
And jutting out with aspect serrated
And sharp, menacing ruin to man, or
Beast, or living thing below,—rise proudly

Up in contrast with the littleness of
Man. Oh, how his pride, and vain ambition
To be great, are shamed into a conscious
Apprehension of his true proportions,
While quailing, cowering, at thy base he stands
And meditates thy long sublimity,
Coeval with the birth of time, and doomed
To perish only with its dying throes!
Six thousand winters round thy brow have shed
Their snows, and yet with age thou art not hoary—
Ten thousand times ten thousand thunders, 'neath,
Above, around, have bellowed out their rage—
Lightenings have gleamed—tempests without num-
ber
Have swept in death and desolation o'er
Fair Nature's beauties, and the works of Art:—

But still thou stand'st, unterrified, unmoved,
The monument of power creative, and
Of God's sustaining Providence.

Proud Rock!

Thy years are numbered. God himself has set
The boundaries of thy sovereignty. The blast
Of Gabriel's trump shall shake thy mighty base,
Upheave the pillars of thy throne, and bring
Thy grandeur to the dust. Then wrapt in flames,
Fiercer than e'en thine adamantine strength
Can bear, in one vast conflagration thou
Shalt fade from human vision, and thy wild
Sublimity, with all the glorious scenes
Of earth, in fire shall melt away!

Dying Hymn.

FROM THE LATIN OF MUSCULUS.

Nil superest vitae, frigus praecordia captat:

Sed tu, Christe, mihi vita, perennis ades.

Of mortal life nought now remains,
The life-blood freezes in the veins:—
But thou, oh Christ ! from nature's strife,
Shall bear me to eternal life.

Why, oh my soul, why such dismay ?
To seats of rest this is the way ;
And, ever faithful, at thy side,
Behold thy Angel and thy Guide.

Then leave this frail abode of clay,
So swiftly falling to decay ;
For God's right-hand shall bid it rise,
A nobler mansion in the skies.

That thou hast deeply sinned I know,
And hence the cause of all thy woe :
But Jesus' blood, for sinners spilt,
Can cleanse thee of thy deepest guilt.

Is death appalling ? Dost thou fear ?
Behold, thy better life is near !
And to that life's secure embrace
Thy Saviour calls thee by his grace.

There Christ a glorious victor reigns

O'er Satan, sin, and death's domains—
With eager haste his voice obey,
And to his presence soar away!

Adieu to Britain.

Our sails are expanded, our bark is in motion,
And proudly we ride on the waves of the ocean,
Oh! mild be the breezes that waft us along
From the Island-Queen famed in battle and song!

Thy green vales, Britannia, thy soft purling rills,
Thy cities majestic, thy rocks and thy hills,
Like a vision recede on Atlantic's smooth breast,
As we hasten away to the realms of the West.

In forsaking the shores of this glorious Isle,
Oh! who at the helm would not linger awhile,

The fast-fading landscape with rapture to view,
And to sigh with regret, as he whispers "Adieu!"

The patriot's country, the land of the brave,
A foe to oppression; to tyrants, a grave;
Philosophy, Freedom, and Art, all combined,
Round the wreath that encircles thy brow are en-
twined.

But Religion, Britannia, yields the loveliest flowers
That grow in thy fields, and embellish thy bowers;
This, this, to thy greatness and glory gives birth,
And fills with thy fragrance the realms of the earth.

May the Monarch of nations continue to smile
On thy march of true glory, illustrious Isle!

With its halo unblemished by years, may thy name

Ne'er lose its proud height in the annals of fame !

May Peace and Religion with thee ever dwell !

Accept this faint tribute—Britannia farewell !

The Storm at Sea.

These lines were actually written during a violent storm at sea, which raged, with but little intermission, for the space of two days.

Oh! who can fancy or portray
The unskilled mariner's dismay,
When roused from ocean's sleep,
The troubled spirit of the storm,
With giant pace and horrid form,
Marches across the deep!

The whisper of the sleeping surge,
The low wind's melancholy dirge,

Are hushed in its long howl—
The stars are from the concave driven'
Extinguished is the light of heaven
Before its gathering scowl.

The waters mount, and rave, and roar,
Lashed from Atlantic's farthest shore
Into a dazzling foam—
The shrill blast whistles in the shrouds,
Collected are the flying clouds,
And darker grows the gloom.

As some aerial being glides
From wave to wave in stately strides,
So moves our gallant sail—
Now furrows deep the heaving main,

Now stems the tide with jarring strain,
And bends before the gale.

The tempest blackens, and from far
The loud winds wail; no friendly star
The dread abyss illumes,—
The waves, reared from the deep profound,
In undulations roll around,
Like a wild waste of tombs.

Now, borne as on an eagle's wing,
The crested spray aside we fling,
And to the concave steer—
And dashing on in heights sublime,
As if loosed from the shores of time,
We cleave the yielding air.

Around our tempest-battered bark,
With voice and step of thunder, hark!

How Boreas wildly raves!

And, stalking o'er the dismal waste,
Drives, foaming with tumultuous haste,
A bellowing herd of waves!*

With keel erect, and steady shrouds
We steer majestic through the clouds,—
Then swift as lightning's glare,
From our bleak height in fury hurled,
We seem to sink beneath the world,
And seek another sphere.

The parted billows round us close,

*Muggiando sopra'l mar, va il gregge bianco. Ariosto.

A boiling torrent o'er us flows—

Hope for a moment dies :

But soon emerging from the gloom,

We startle from our liquid tomb,

And scale again the skies.

Great Ruler of the stormy sea,

In this dread hour we look to thee,

Our Saviour and our God !

Thy people's prayer is ever heard—

Oh, calm with one controlling word

The waves which thou hast trod !

But if thy wisdom has decreed

A sepulchre in ocean's bed,

Be this one favor given :—

May we, of thy dear smiles possessed,
In triumph hail the shores of rest,
And anchor safe in heaven !

The Sabbath.

Hail Sabbath morn ! thy sacred light,
Chasing the week's dark cares away,
Refreshing, dawns upon my sight,
And ushers in the welcome day—
The day in time's first cycles blest,
And given by God for holy rest.

This is the day our Lord awoke
From the deep slumbers of the tomb,
Death's iron chains and prison broke,
Dispelled the graves' terrific gloom,
A conqueror in his might arose,
And waved his sceptre o'er his foes.

To-day we rest from anxious care,
And all our earthly labors cease ;
The heart is given to praise and prayer,
The hours to quietness and peace—
Our spirits loosed from earth arise
And hold communion with the skies.

To-day in holy courts we meet,
Remote from all perplexing cares,
The friends of Zion's King to greet,
And blend our humble songs with theirs—

'Tis good and pleasant here to be,
Oh Saviour, with thy friends and Thee !

A foretaste of eternal joys
To pious souls to-day is given ;

God's service all their powers employs,
And that's the noblest work of heaven—
These Sabbaths with which earth is blest
Prefigure one of endless rest.

Lord, when my earthly race is run,
And these blest Sabbaths cease to be ;
When I appear before Thy throne,
And hear my final doom from Thee—
Oh that with the Redeemed I may
Keep an eternal Sabbath day !

Song.

As the day hath its brightness,
Till the night-hours come,
So the heart hath its lightness
And its moments of gloom.
The sky all unclouded,
Now beams forth in gladness;
And now it is shrouded
In tears and in sadness.

On earth, we never may
Have joy without sorrow;
We taste pleasure to-day,
But grief comes to-morrow.

Our joy and our woe,
Like wave after wave,
Successively flow
Till they end in the grave.

The pains which we shrink from,
With our pleasures begin;
For the chalice we drink from
Is poisoned with sin
Oh! where shall be found
A balm for our grief,
Which bleeds like a wound
Beyond nature's relief?

The God of all grace
The promise has given,

That seeking his face,
We shall find respite in heaven.
A joy without measure
His presence giveth,
A peace and a pleasure
Which eternally liveth.

The Vision.

By the grave of Miranda I wept,
And the low wind in concert moaned by,
While the dim stars their night vigils kept,
And moonbeams were gilding the sky.

Methought in the air I espied,
Encircled in vestments of flame,
The form of my late buried bride,
And nearer the bright vision came.

Winged seraphs around her were shining;
To my mind, in a trance of delight,
On a billow of glory reclining,
She seemed like a daughter of light.

Her visage with love's smile was beaming,

Her glance was directed to me;

Her roseate tresses were streaming

Like Aurora's, fresh laved by the sea.

"Oh! weep not, my Henry!" she said,

"Nor murmur at heaven's decree;

Though my body now sleeps with the dead,

My soul is unfettered and free.

"With patience thy sorrows endure,

Confide in the word of the Lord;

His promise is faithful and sure,

And in death thou shalt reap thy reward.

"For, then, thy Miranda will haste

The sweet balm of comfort to pour;
And when the last struggle is past,
We shall meet, and be severed no more."

While she spoke with a smile and a sigh,
Her loved form was shrouded in light;
And swift as a glance of the eye,
She melted away from my sight.

The Shepherd's Lament.

Ye shepherds in pity draw near,
And listen to Florio's song;—
My woes are too heavy to bear,
And my heart—it will break before long.
The star of my life hath declined,
And left me in Sorrow's dark glen:
Oh what can sooth the grief of my mind!
I ne'er shall see Ella again.

Her form was surpassingly fair,
And her voice so tenderly sweet,
It always delighted my ear—
That voice I can never forget.
Allured by the charm of her eye,

Came many a gallant young swain,
In her praise with each other to vie,
And the smile of her favor to gain.

But I was the choice of her heart,
Her only and earliest love;
And the vow that we never would part
Was made in the shade of yon grove.
Sweet grove! 'twas there my Ella and I
At eve were accustomed to meet,
In the light of the star-beaming sky
Our long-cherished love to repeat.

The time of our nuptials drew near,
And we joyously thought of that day,
When a dread summons rung in my ear,—

The battle-cry called me away.

I bade my sweet Ella farewell,

And left for a season my home,

Exchanging the Shepherd's soft shell

For the stormier sound of the drum.

For three years I wielded the sword,

And gained a brave warrior's name ;

And hastened, when peace was restored,

The hand of my Ella to claim.

I returned to this dear tranquil vale,

And sought for the home of my Fair :

Ye surely will pity my tale !—

The queen of my heart was not there.

When I mentioned my long-betrothed bride ,

And demanded the cause of their gloom,
With fast-flowing tears they replied
That Ella lay low in the tomb.
They led to a neighboring grove,
O'er a well-known flowery way,
'Twas the scene of our earliest love,—
And showed where the Shepherdess lay.

And does she unconscious repose
In this lowly and unhonored urn ?
Nor the fame of her warrior knows ?
Nor hails his triumphant return ?
Oh Ella beloved ! at thy shrine
Thy Florio will constantly stay—
O'er the urn of his lost one to pine,
And to weep his existence away !

Count Ugolino,

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE.

Noi eravam partiti già da ello,
Ch' io vidi duo ghiacciati in una buca.

Divina Commedia, Inf. Canto xxxii.

We had already parted thence, when lo !
Two frozen in one hole appeared below,
In close proximity. The upper head
With teeth infix'd, upon the lower fed,
As if impelled by hunger's gnawing pains,
And, rabid, feasted on the oozing brains.
Thus fierce Tydeus in the times of yore
Thy temples, hapless Menalippus, tore.

“ Oh thou who in such beastly guise dost sate
The unstaid hunger of devouring hate !

Tell me the cause," I cried, "that so I may,
Returning to the regions of the day,
(If just occasion fired thy hatred's flame,)
The story of thy wrongs and wrath proclaim."

His gory mouth the wretched sinner rears
From that fell banquet—wipes it in the hairs
Of the dismantled skull ; and thus complains :
" You ask me to renew the desperate pains
With which my inmost soul is deeply wrung,
Ere yet they find an utterance through the tongue—
But may my words yield to this wretch the seed
Of infamy ! So, weeping, I proceed.
I know not who thou art, nor by what mode
Thou hast descended to this low abode—
But by thy speech thou seem'st a Florentine :

Then be it known that I was Ugoline,
And this, Archbishop Ruggier. List the cause
That us into such horrid union draws.
I trusted him—it needless were to tell,
A victim to his treachery I fell—
But what thou never cans't have heard, now learn,
How cruel was my death—and thence discern
How justly fierce the fires of indignation burn !

Through narrow opening in that dreary cell
Where wretched captives still are forced to dwell,
(Of Famine named, from my unhappy doom,)
The light of many moons had pierced the gloom—
When wrapped in slumbers ominous and deep,
The curtained future opened on my sleep.
Methought this man, in master-sportsman's mood,

The wolf and whelps on Julian hills pursued,
With hounds gaunt, keen, and dexterous in the
hunt,
Gualand, Sismondi, and Lanfranch in front.
When lo! the game press on with weary strides,
And the sharp teeth are buried in their panting
sides.

Before the dawn, I wakened out of sleep,
And heard my children there, still sleeping, weep,
And ask for bread. The weight that crushed my
heart
A sense of pity surely will impart.
And if thou weepest not such woes to hear,
What then shall draw the tribute of a tear?
They woke—the hour approached for bringing food—

While each recalled his dream in anxious mood,
The bolting of the horrid tower I heard,
And looked upon my sons, but uttered not a word.

I did not weep—my heart was petrified :
They wept ; and then my little Anselm cried,
“What ails thee, father ? Why so strange a look ?”
But still I shed no tear, no word I spoke,
Through all that day, nor the succeeding night,
Until another sun shot forth his light.
And when a feeble ray its gleams had thrown
On those four faces—image of my own—
My pent-up grief I could control no more,
And both my hands with gnawing anguish tore.
They thought that hunger urged the unseemly
deed—

“Father, less grievous 'twere on us to feed,”
They cried, “these wretched vestments thou didst
give—
‘Tis meet that at thy will we cease to live.”
I then grew calm, to sooth their anguished mood—
That day, and all the next, we silent stood.
Why did’st thou not thy opening jaws extend,
Unfeeling Earth, and all our sorrows end ?
The fourth day came, my starving Gaddo cried,
“Oh Father, help!” and at my feet he died.
Thus, 'twixt the fifth day and the sixth, I saw
Them, one by one, their last breath, fainting, draw.
Grown blind, amongst them still I groped my way,
And called their names, though breathless was their
clay.

Three days I lingered, wailing by their side,

Then famine triumphed o'er my sorrow, and I
died.

When thus his tale was told, again he cast
His eyes, distorted, on the fell repast—
With jaws voracious, plied his work again,
And preyed upon the mangled skull and gory brain.

Lines on the Death of Miss A. P.

Fair Girl! in life's sweet morning thou hast fled
From contact with terrestrial things. The voice
Of Him who sits upon the throne, and rules
The movements of all worlds, and destinies
Of men, has called thee to thy final rest.
And thou art gone. Thy faded loveliness,
Thine ear deaf to all sounds, thine eye no more
With lustre beaming and with gentlest love,
Thy rigid features, the marble coldness
Of thy brow, thy dreamless, wakeless, breathless
Sleep—all, all assert the presence and the
Reign of Death!

Adorned with winning charms, thy
Maidenhood gave promise large of richest
Fruit in woman's blessed sphere. In feature
And in form graceful, with a warm heart and
Genial sympathies—endowed with the rich
Gift of intellect, and love of learning—
Thou wast admired and fondly loved by all
Thy young associates in the flowery paths
Of knowledge, and in the social walks of life.
Thou wast thy parent's pride. Their fondest hopes
Centred in thee; expanded with the growth
Of thy fair form and maiden virtues; lived
In thy life; and soaring high, exulted
In the prospect of long years of joy. Those
Hopes, erewhile, so fraught with scenes of coming
Blessedness, have felt, alas! the blighting

Touch of man's last enemy; and now they
Lie, withered, dead, and buried in the cold
Solitude of their sweet daughter's grave.

The
Hand of God's afflicting Providence lay
On thee long. Parental hearts with keenest
Anguish yearned, as, month by month they saw thy
Strength decline, thy beauty fade; and felt the
Harrowing truth that soon they must resign their
Dearest treasure to the dust. Afflicted
Though thou wast, God's blessing with affliction
Came, chastened thy sorrows, soothed the aches
Of thy young heart, and planted there the germ
Of an immortal trust. No murmur 'scaped
Thy lips—thy bosom no repinings felt.

Thou wast prepared to die. A meek reliance
On thy Saviour's merits, and not on thy
Own virtues, gave inward peace, o'er mastered
Nature's dread of dying, and looked, with calm
Expectancy of bliss, into the life
To come. Thy sun, so bright through its brief day,
Shone loveliest in its setting. Thy final
Words, whispered with labored breath, were fragrant
Still with filial love, proclaimed thy Christian
Faith, and breathed out thy dying heart's desires
For the eternal weal of those, so loved,
Who, crushed with pressure of unuttered woe,
Wept by thy pillow, and bent o'er thy form
To catch the parting whispers of thy pure
Spirit, ere it winged its way to happier
Climes.

Father in heaven, bind up those stricken
Hearts. Pour thou into their bleeding wounds the
Healing consolations of thy love. And
Plant and nurture there blest hopes of heaven—the
Gift of grace supernal, and the precious
Growth of their loved ANNA's lowly grave !

A

Stranger blends his tears with those by kindred
Shed o'er her untimely fall, and pays this
Heartfelt tribute to the memory of her
Buried loveliness.

N O T E S

TO THE

PLEASURES OF PLENTY.

Notes to the Pleasures of Piety.

NOTE 1—PAGE 18.

Sweet are those sighs, those tears though sad are sweet,
As Mary's were which bathed the Saviour's feet.

“And behold a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.”

Luke vii. 37–38.

NOTE 2—PAGE 23.

Such, shepherds, was your joy when angels came.

“And there were, in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of

the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, fear not; for, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For, unto you is born, this day, in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord. And suddenly there was with the angel, a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."—*Luke* ii. 8-14.

NOTE 3—PAGE 26.

Eunuch of old, such blessedness was thine.

"And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip that the Eunuch saw him no more; and he went on his way rejoicing.—*Acts* viii. 39.

NOTE 4—PAGE 31.

A king who, 'midst the splendours of the throne,

"I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."—*Psalms* lxxxiv. 10.

NOTE 5—PAGE 35.

Mother of Doddridge, now methinks I see.

“The pious parents of Doddridge early instructed him in religious knowledge. ‘I have heard him relate,’ says his biographer, Mr. Job Orton, that his mother taught him the history of the Old and New Testaments, before he could read, by the assistance of some Dutch tiles in the chimney, in the room where they commonly sat; and her wise and pious reflections upon the stories there represented, were the means of making some good impressions upon his heart, which never wore out.”—*See Orton’s Life of Doddridge.*

NOTE 6—PAGE 38.

Howard, such piety inspired thy breast,

“I cannot name this gentleman without remarking, that his labors and writings have done much to open the eyes and the hearts of all mankind. He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a

scale of the curiosities of modern art; nor to collect medals, or collate manuscripts, but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original: it is as full of genius as of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery; a circumnavigation of charity. Already, the benefit of his labor is felt, more or less, in every country. I hope he will anticipate his final reward by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own."—*Edmund Burke.*

NOTE 7—PAGE 43.

And though in depths unknown thy body sleeps.

The life, labours, and sufferings of this eminent missionary have excited a lively interest throughout the religious world. The circumstances attending his death and burial are, in a high degree, affecting. His health and strength had greatly declined; and, in accordance

with the recommendation of his physician, he had been carried on board the French barque Aristide Marie, bound for the Isle of Bourbon, such a voyage being regarded as the only possible means of restoration. But his strength continued rapidly to decline; and a few days after, he quietly breathed his last, out upon the broad sea. "A strong plank coffin was constructed; several buckets of sand were poured in to make it sink; and at eight o'clock in the evening the crew assembled, the larboard port was opened, and in perfect silence, broken only by the voice of the captain, all that was mortal of Dr. Judson was committed to the deep, in latitude thirteen degrees north, longitude ninety-three degrees east, nine days after their embarkation from Maulmain, and scarcely three days out of sight of the mountains of Burmah."—*Wayland's Life of Judson*, vol. ii. p. 352.

NOTE 8—PAGE 53.

At eve the son of Abraham walked abroad.

[*Genesis xxiv. 63.*

NOTE 9—PAGE 59.

And Paul and Silas, in their dungeon sing.

"And at midnight, Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God; and the prisoners heard them."—*Acts* xvi. 25.

NOTE 10—PAGE 60.

The man beloved, to lonely Patmos driven.

"I, John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the Isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ."—*Revelation* i. 9.

NOTE 11—PAGE 61.

Lo ! Sundered from the converse of mankind.

"It may be doubted whether any English Dissenter had suffered

more severely under the penal laws than John Bunyan. Of the twenty-seven years which had elapsed since the restoration, he had passed twelve in confinement." "His works were widely circulated among the humbler classes. One of them, the Pilgrim's Progress, was, in his own life time, translated into several foreign languages. Bunyan is as decidedly the first of allegorists, as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or Shakspeare the first of Dramatists."—*Macaulay's History of England*, vol. i. p. 277.

NOTE 12—PAGE 69.

Augustine, Calvin, Edwards, noble names!

Mosheim remarks, that Augustine's high reputation filled the Christian world; and "not without reason, as a variety of great and shining qualities were united in the character of that illustrious man. A sublime genius, an uninterrupted and zealous pursuit of truth, an indefatigable application, an invincible patience, a sincere piety, and a subtle and lively wit, conspired to establish his fame upon the most lasting foundations."

In regard to the second great name here mentioned, it may not be inappropriate to give the testimony of a highly respectable writer. " Notwithstanding all that has been said to his disparagement, it is certainly true that Calvin was a great and good man. In the full import of the phrase he may be styled a benefactor of the world. He evidently brought to the great enterprize of the age a larger amount of moral and intellectual power than did any other of the reformers. Even the cautious Scaliger pronounces him the most exalted character that has appeared since the days of the Apostles, and, at the age of twenty-two, the most learned man in Europe. And the immediate influence of his invincible mind is still deeply felt through the masterly productions of his pen, and will continue to be felt in the advancement of the pure interests of the church, until the complete triumph of her principles."

President Edwards, the last of this illustrious trio, must ever rank amongst the foremost defenders of the doctrines of grace. He was equally distinguished by the fervor of his piety, and by the expansion and vigor of his intellect. Simple, sincere and trustful as a Christian, he was most acute and profound as a metaphysician and divine. To say nothing of the other great works which he has bequeathed to the

world, his Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will must ever be considered as one of the sublimest productions of the human mind.

NOTE 13—PAGE 70.

Guided by him of Analogic name.

Bishop Butler was twenty years in planning and perfecting his great work, "The Analogy of Religion, natural and revealed, to the constitution and course of nature." Alike remarkable for the severe simplicity and conciseness of its style, for the originality of its plan and execution, and for its profoundly philosophical arguments and illustrations, it will ever rank amongst the highest monuments of genius. Meeting his infidel antagonists on their own ground, taking his stand on natural principles, reasoning from the constitution and course of nature; from facts which are known and experienced by all men; he demonstrates the existence of a moral government on the part of the Author of nature; and the importance, the wisdom and the excellency of that divine scheme of religion which has been revealed to

man. The treatise of Butler gave a death blow to that form of infidelity which reigned in his day. The world has not seen even the semblance of a reply; and we have long since ceased to hear the pratings of Deists, as to the divinity and all-sufficiency of nature.

NOTE 14—PAGE 70.

With affluent Charnocke now we linger.

The treatise of Stephen Charnocke on “The Existence and Attributes of God,” is generally esteemed the most thorough and comprehensive in the English language. As a writer he is equally remarkable for the originality and vigor of his thoughts, for the clearness and cogency of his reasoning, and for the richness and variety of his illustrations.

NOTE 15—PAGE 70.

With the sublime and richly furnished Howe,

“I can only say that I have learned far more from John Howe than

from any other author I ever read. There is an astounding magnificence in his conceptions. He had not the same perception of the beautiful as of the sublime; and hence his endless subdivisions. Still he was unquestionably the greatest of the Puritan divines."—

Robert Hall. (See his life by Gregory, p. 70)

NOTE 16—PAGE 70.

In Doddridge, calm, judicious, meek, we find :

The reputation of Doddridge, as an author, rests mainly upon "The Family Exposition," a work rich in learning, in acute criticism, and in persuasive earnestness. In 1745 appeared "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." Concerning this work one of his biographers remarks that it "forms a body of practical divinity and christian experience, which has never been surpassed by any work of the same nature."

NOTE 17—PAGE 71.

With Boston we survey Man's Fourfold State.

'See this work of grace and procedure of conversion more copiously

displayed, in a valuable little piece entitled, "Human Nature in its Fourfold State," by Mr. Thomas Boston, which, in my opinion, is one of our best books for common readers. The sentences are short, and the comparisons striking; the language is easy, and the doctrine evangelical; the method proper, the plan comprehensive, the manner searching, yet consolatory. If another celebrated treatise is styled, *The Whole Duty of Man*, I would call this *The Whole of Man*, as it comprises what he *was*, originally; what he *is*, by transgression; what he *should be*, through grace, and what he *will be* in glory."—*Hervey's Dialogues*, vol. i. p. 343.

NOTE 18—PAGE 71.

Anon, with soaring Hervey meditate.

"Hervey's Meditations," although severely censured by the sterner critics, have had an extensive circulation; and for many years the press could, with difficulty, supply the demand for them. Whatever may be objected to them by a cold criticism, they are unquestionably

rich in poetic fancy, in classical allusion, and in the effusions of a seraphic piety.

NOTE 19--PAGE 71.

God's Life in Man with Scougal now we trace.

Henry Scougal was some time Professor of Divinity in the University of Aberdeen. He died, greatly lamented, in 1678, at the early age of twenty-eight. "He was a writer," says Doddridge, "of the first rank, though he wrote but little. Every page abounds with noble and proper thoughts, clothed with a decent eloquence, suited to the subject. He appears to be the best model of all his class. His Life of God in the Soul of Man, and Sermons, should be often read. His early death, at the age of twenty-eight, was an unspeakable loss to the world."—*Doddridge's Lect. on Preaching*.

NOTE 20 PAGE 71.

Or contemplate with Booth the Reign of Grace.

Abraham Booth died on the 27th of January, 1806, in the seventy-

second year of his age. A biographer remarks concerning him, "that he possessed a powerful and vigorous mind, cultivated by intense study, enlarged and expanded by reading and reflection, and enriched by a copious unction from the Spirit of all grace," His "Reign of Grace" is a rich and evangelical exhibition of the grace of God reigning, through Christ, in the redemption, the sanctification, and the eternal glorification of the Saints.

NOTE 21—PAGE 71.

While Baxter sings of Everlasting Rest.

Concerning the "Saint's Everlasting Rest," Dr. Calamy remarks : "This is a book for which multitudes will have cause to bless God forever." "It was written by him," says Dr. Bates, "when languishing in the suspense of life and death, but has the signature of his holy and vigorous mind. To allure our desires, he unveils the sanctuary above, and discovers the glories and joys of the blessed in the Divine presence, by a light so strong and lively, that all the glittering varieties of the world vanish in that comparison, and a sincere believer will despise them, as one of mature age does the toys and baubles

of childhood. To excite our fears, he removes the screen, and makes the everlasting fire of hell so visible, and represents the tormenting passions of the damned in those dreadful colours, that, if duly considered, would check and control the unbridled, licentious appetites of the most sensual wretches."—*Fawcett's Preface*, pp. 10-14.

NOTE 22—PAGE 71.

In Fuller's manly volumes we explore.

In the religious world there is an ever-growing appreciation of the writings of Andrew Fuller. One of the leading religious reviews of this country remarked, but a few years since, that no theological library is complete without his works. I must insert the following testimony from the elegant pen of Robert Hall: "I canot refrain from expressing, in a few words, the sentiments of affectionate veneration with which I always regarded that excellent person while living, and cherish his memory, now that he is no more; a man whose

sagacity enabled him to penetrate to the depths of every subject he explored, whose conceptions were so powerful and luminous, that what was recondite and original, appeared familiar; what was intricate, easy and perspicuous in his hands; equally successful in enforcing the practical, in stating the theoretical, and discussing the polemical branches of theology: without the advantages of early education, he rose to high distinction among the religious writers of his day, and, in the midst of a most active and laborious life, left monuments of his piety and genius which will survive to distant posterity." "While he endeared himself to his denomination by a long course of most useful labor, by his excellent works on the Socinian and Deistical Controversies, as well as his devotion to the cause of missions, he laid the world under lasting obligations."—*Hall's Works*, vol. 1, p. 20.

NOTE 23—PAGE 71.

Lo! Chalmers in his Astronomic car,

The "Astronomical Discourses of Chalmers abound in passages of

great sublimity and beauty, and afford, perhaps, the most striking illustrations of the splendour of his imagination, and the peculiarities of his eloquence.

NOTE 24—PAGE 71.

But chiefly, Leighton, on thy page we dwell,

The writings of Arch-Bishop Leighton are an invaluable legacy to the church. His spirit breathes in every line he has penned. We know of no uninspired compositions better adapted to promote humility and poverty of spirit, to impress and captivate the heart, and to elevate the affections to the Divine Redeemer. The writer evidently has but one object in view—the spiritual good of the reader. The world has no place in his heart or in his eye. To him, the Cross has become the centre of all charms; and the love of the Crucified the motive of all actions. He speaks as from the margin of eternity. In the near prospect of heaven, he sends forth those streams of precious truth, which have refreshed and overflowed his own heart.

His thoughts are uttered with an unction and a tenderness which bespeak the strength of faith, and the purity of love. And as you read, you feel that you are conversing with one who walked with God.

NOTE 25—PAGE 74.

But Friendship's pleasures holier heights attain.

"Friendship founded on worldly principles is *natural*, and though composed of the best elements of nature, is not exempt from its mutability and frailty; but a union founded on religion is *spiritual*, and therefore unchanging, and imperishable. The friendship which is founded on kindred tastes and congenial habits, apart from piety, is permitted by the benignity of Providence to embellish a world, which, with all its magnificence and beauty, will shortly pass away; that which has religion for its basis, will ere long be transplanted, in order to adorn the paradise of God."—*Hall's Works*, vol. ii. p. 196.

NOTE 26—PAGE 77.

Near twelve months since of such a friend bereft.

James S. Mims, late Professor of Theology in Furman University, who departed this life in the Spring of 1855, in the vigour of manhood, and in the meridian of his usefulness. Touching this cherished friend, we may be permitted to add, that succeeding years have only deepened our impressions of his excellence as a man and a christian, and of his worth as a friend. We still fondly cling to his memory, and delight to dwell on the stern simplicity of his character, the purity and the fervour of his piety, the extent and the variety of his attainments as a biblical scholar, and the unselfish generosity of his noble nature.

NOTE 27—PAGE 106.

Forth from the streets of Nain a mournful crowd.—*Luke vii. 11.*

NOTE 38—PAGE 108.

A higher demonstration dost thou crave?—*Matt. xxviii, 1, 2.*

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NOTE 29—PAGE 108.

Vain toil! As well that band might eastward run.

"He was indeed too great a morsel for the grave to digest. For all its vast craving mouth, and devouring appetite, crying *Sheol, give give*: yet it was forced to give him up again. They—his enemies—thought all was sure, when they had rolled to the stone, and sealed it. That rolling of the stone to the grave, was as if they had rolled it towards the *east* in the night, to stop the rising of the sun next morning; much further above all their watches and power was this *Sun of Righteousness* in his rising again."—*Leighton's Works*, page 211.

NOTE 30—PAGE 115.

And then my dead shall, &c.

William McIver Furman died on the 29th of April, 1845, aged 2 years, 3 months, and 13 days.

James Clement Furman died on the 17th of May, 1855, aged 1 year and 26 days.

Note to "Dies Irae."

The literary history of this grand Mediaeval Hymn is full of interest. There is a rugged and massive grandeur about the original which can be made to appear in no translation. It is generally supposed to have been written by Thomas de Celano, about the year 1250. Volumes have been written to illustrate it, and it has been translated into various languages. It has excited the interest of critics of all ages, and has been the subject of the researches of many literary antiquarians.

We here give the original of this grand old hymn, for the benefit of those who may not have access to the works in which it is contained.

I.

Dies Irae ! dies illa !
Solvet Saeclum in favilla ;
Teste David cum Sibylla.

II.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

III.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

IV.

Mors stupebit, et Natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

v.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

vi.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

vii.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus ?

viii.

Rex tremenda majestatis !
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salve me, fons pietatis.

IX.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tue viae :
Ne me perdas illa die.

X.

Querens me sedisti lassus ;
Redemisti crucem passus ;
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

XI.

Juste Judex ultioris,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.

XII.

Ingemisco tanquam reus ;
Culpa rubet vultus meus ;
Supplicantи parce, Deus.

XIII.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latroneum exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spei dedisti.

XIV.

Preces meae non sunt dignae,
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

XV.

Inter oves locum praesta,
Et ab haedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

XVI.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

XVII.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

XVIII.

Lachrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla,
Iudicandus homo reus;
Huic ergo parce, Deus!

